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EVARTS
CORNELIUS
WISNER

MISSIONARY REMAINS;

OR,

SKETCHES OF THE LIVES

OF

EVARTS, CORNELIUS, AND WISNER.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY SAMUEL H. COX, D. D.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY TAYLOR & GOULD,

Brick Church Chapel—opposite the City Hall.

1835.

[D. Fanshaw, Printer.]

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1835, by *Taylor & Gould*, in the clerk's office of the district court of the southern district of the State of New-York.

Charles and Mary Clarke Book
New York

INTRODUCTION.

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We cannot but applaud the idea of presenting to the Christian public, in a neat and portable form, these kindred biographies. Evarts, Cornelius, Wisner! names dear to virtue and to God, and worthy for the sake of posterity to be commemorated by the present generation. Some of us knew them all, and that well and intimately; and for a Christian to do this, was also to esteem and love them unfeignedly, and even to revere and admire the lofty and lucid elements that composed their common character. Qualities in common they had, of a high and a holy order; though each possessed peculiarities of his own, which, while they defined the individual, imparted to their possessor an excellence entirely personal and appropriate. Blessed triumvirate! they know what it is *to depart and be with Christ.* But they died too soon for the welfare of mortals. The dead are immortal—it is the living only that die.

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> They live, they greatly live, a life on earth
> Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
> Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
> On us, more justly number'd with the dead.'

Whatever else may be said of the departure of the wise and eminently good, one thing is certain —it is intrinsically a loss to the church and a loss to the world. *The salt of the earth—the light of the world*—the company *of whom the world is not worthy*, are reduced by their absence and impoverished by their removal. Hence it has ever been a mark of wisdom, and an indication of sensibility purely Christian, to bewail their exit; to weep over their tombs the tears not only of sympathy, but of reflection and principle and genuine devotion. Thus the inspired Scriptures every where authorize the deep lament of the church, at the loss of her glorified worthies. *Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.* The irreligious are rebuked in the same relation, for their obtuseness or indifference. *The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. He*

shall enter into peace. They shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness. Very lively in grief were the feelings of the disciples of John, when their master was beheaded in the prison, at the order of the impious Herod Antipas. *And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it,* AND WENT AND TOLD JESUS. Admirable resource! Creation could not afford it to them, nor tyrants take it away. It is the same in all ages; and it seems to have been the experience of the primitive church, in their new and strange affliction, when the beloved protomartyr was cruelly stoned to death. *And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.*

And well it were for the American churches, and especially those most interested in THE CAUSE OF MISSIONS, to feel deeply, weep wisely, *and in the day of adversity consider*, in view of their recent calamities. This little volume contains only a signal specimen, while it is certainly an apt memorial, of what we have suffered. The FIRST Secretary of THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, WORCESTER, left us comparatively in the ripeness of his days,

and after a career of usefulness comparatively long. Not so his excellent successors; of the principal events of whose lives respectively, this volume contains an authentic sketch. All three of them died almost in the novitiate of their official administration, and almost in as many years. This indeed was swift succession! And is the place fatal? Is God displeased with it? Is it the post for victims? O ye nobles of the court of God, how can we spare you, how tolerate or how repair your loss! Alas! they are far removed from the things and the men of time.

But we may not idly inquire, or vainly exclaim, at this season. *Be sober and watch unto prayer*, seems to be in general the language of providence to us. No doubt, GOD MEANS SOMETHING, by these events; and by many and some very signal rebukes, as we may term them, which have recently arrested or shocked the progress of missions to the heathen. Let us examine ourselves. May we not help a cause of such divine magnificence as this, from improper or defective motives? It may suit our self-complacency too well, to be constructively the friends of such philanthropy and the allies of its Eternal Author. Aid-

ing an enterprise so immensely good, we may overrate our own goodness, and forget or disparage the hallowed excellence which we little resemble or assist. The ark of God will not endure to be desecrated, or even touched, with unhallowed hands. We ought all to have the temper of the Gospel; and actuated by its virtues, to subserve its ascendency in the world. Do we love God and man, with an affection simple, identical, principled, and symmetrical in all its relations? Or do we only gratify one set of partial affections in this thrice honorable way, which seems only impartial and catholic as the love of heaven? Do we hate a brother of the species *whom we have seen*, while our love of the antipodes is so pains-taking and effective? Do we wrong and injure our fellow-creatures in our own country and at our own door, while we prosecute, as if in compensation and balancing adjustment, the projects of beneficence, most zealously it may be, in the opposite hemisphere? If so, what is our piety, our philanthropy, our love of missions, or our kindness to the heathen—what is it all worth? God knows. But well it becomes us to *discern the thoughts and intents of our hearts* in this vital

relation; well it becomes us to see to it that they are what they ought to be; and well may we fear with resolute circumspection, lest at last—*at the resurrection of the just*, when others are rewarded and renowned that here were far from either, we and our works may be together execrated with hypocrites and unbelievers. Whatever there may be on the footstool, there is IMPARTIALITY in the throne. If we would triumph at last, when truth and goodness do, we must serve with patience and piety through this term of peril, when truth and goodness can only *prophecy clothed in sackcloth*. The implications of missionary zeal, are those of moral splendor, apostolic and divine. If that zeal be genuine, its excellence is of the richest sort imaginable. THE PRINCE OF MISSIONARIES AND THE FOUNDER OF MISSIONS, IS JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF. His religion is missionary, universally, absolutely, and in its very nature. The middle wall of partition between Jew and Gentile, was forever demolished, by hands unseen that rent in twain the veil of the Most Holy Place. Now all the nations are, to us Christians, what ancient Israelites were to each other—each tribe to the rest, and each individual to his frater-

nal peers of the nation. Are we heartily and soundly at one, with this constitution of divine benevolence? If not, our piety may be spurious and our zeal perfidious. If not, we may be expensive in our donations and copious in our prayers; we may be lauded by our friends, and numbered with the best of the good; we may *have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge*—yea, *we may have all faith*, and be the very paragons of orthodoxy; we may *bestow all our goods to feed the poor*, and then *give our body to be burned:* and having all these, but not having LOVE, vain and worthless is the sum total of our religion. IT PROFITETH US NOTHING.

The usefulness of our book, is matter for hope and prayer rather than prediction. We commend it to the solemn perusal of all readers; especially to the candid appreciation of Christians; and supremely to the benediction of God. And while a thousand spirits bleed together in vivid remembrance of the present vacancy; while they sympathize with widowed solitude and recall the doings of departed worth, while they compute the mighty loss sustained by such related multitudes and millions of mankind; let them not despond as

if THE CAUSE AND ITS PATRON IN HEAVEN were also dead! Let them say, while they weep near the grave of WISNER AND HIS PREDECESSORS, *The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted!* Let them pray renewedly to HIM, who can replace on earth the men he takes to heaven; who can direct the falling mantle of the ascending Prophet, to some anointed ELISHA that shall make good his office; and who can accomplish, by whatever means he chooses, the purposes and the promises of the Redeemer's throne. *Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end; upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever.* THE ZEAL OF THE LORD OF HOSTS WILL PERFORM THIS.

MEMORY OF EVARTS.

BY GARDNER SPRING, D. D.

It is not for the dead, but the living, that we pay this tribute to the memory of a man in every view entitled to the love and honor of the American churches. "The dead know not any thing." The pious dead have finished their course with joy; they have left the present state of existence; have gone from this world and all its labors; have bid farewell to all its trials and sins; and have entered upon a state of being where our eulogy cannot reach their ear. Our reproaches could not depress them, nor can they be encouraged by our applause. *We* are the gainers by such a service. It gratifies some of the better feelings of our hearts: and one right feeling—right in the view of conscience, and of heaven—is worth all the

material world. The material world shall die, but every holy affection shall exert an influence on our character and joys, and shall endure for ever. And we move so sluggishly in our way to heaven, and it is, at best, such a zigzag course, that we need the stimulus of bright example. When we contemplate, we feel encouraged. There is a radiance that gleams upon us from the grave of a child of God, that alleviates our gloom, and lifts our eye to mansions in the skies.

It is the allotment of some men to "live after they are dead." Antiochus did; Alexander and Tamerlane did; Napoleon did; and in deeds of horrid tragedy, and direful influence upon successive generations of men. And so did Howard and Clarkson, Venning and Sharpe, Watts and Howe, Edwards and Dwight; and by a career so exalted, and in deeds of such extensive benevolence, that their very history has meliorated the condition of mankind. And who will not feel the obligation of living for those who come after him? Who *may* not do it—as men of letters,

as men of power and influence, as men of wealth, as men of piety? Who, that looks at the condition of the world, the shortness and frailty of life, the activity and pernicious influence of wicked men, and the command of God, will not aim at being useful after he has descended to the tomb? And why should not the name of such a man be embalmed in the recollection of those he has left on earth? And why should

"———History, so warm on meaner themes,
"Be cold on this?"

Among the distinguished men who shall be had in everlasting remembrance, is the late Jeremiah Evarts. There are few men in this land who have sustained a more honorable character, or whose biography may be recited with more unmingled gratification.

Mr. Evarts entered upon his career at a most eventful period of the world—a period about to be distinguished by changes in this land, and other lands, in the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of men, and especially in the great movements of Christian benevolence,

which eminently indicated that the Redeeming God and Savior, by a series of dispensations, alternated by success and disaster, confidence and alarm, hope and fear, was about to gather together the nations of the earth, and the kingdoms of the nations, to the last moral conflict which should agonize this guilty, suffering world. Think of the events that have taken place on the earth within the last fifty years. The youth and manhood of Mr. Evarts have occupied nearly the whole of this wonderful period. Just as this new and splendid era was about to be introduced, he was cradled on yonder mountains. The first missionary society was established; the first revival of religion, in a series thus far unbroken, commenced; and the first memorable calamity began to fall on the nations which had given their power and strength to the Beast; while he was a youth, and preparing for the part he was about to act in these moral revolutions. He entered on active life at a period when he was called extensively to influence the opinions of men,

and to exert an agency in originating and carrying forward designs that were to elevate the character of the church, and fill the earth with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. Whoever hereafter writes his history, will find it in those developments of light and love which illumine the history of the American churches within the last thirty years. The God of heaven raised up this his servant for a great and special work, and eminently qualified him for the high service to which he was destined. In some respects, he seemed most unfitted for it; for, from his youth up, he was apparently fitted for any thing rather than hardship. But he was like the bush in Horeb —consuming, but not consumed. And we would here distinctly and gratefully acknowledge the goodness of God, in thus making him, for so long a period, the favored instrument of accomplishing his designs of mercy.

Mr. Evarts was born of respectable, but humble parentage, in the town of Sunderland, Vermont, on the 3d of February, 1781.

At the age of ten years, he removed with his father to Georgia, in the same state, where he completed the usual English education, and entered upon the study of the Latin language. In January, 1798, he was sent to East Guildford, in the state of Connecticut, with the view of preparing for college, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Elliott, the minister of the place; and in October of the same year, he entered Yale College, then under the superintendence of the late President Dwight. His journal at this period, though very brief, exhibits many indications of a thinking, independent mind, that felt the responsibility of guiding and forming itself upon a high standard of excellence. His conversion took place during a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the college, during his senior year, in the winter of 1801–2; and in the April following, he made a public profession of religion, and united himself with the church in the college. At the time his class graduated, in 1802, he united with those of his classmates who were

professors of religion, in a *mutual covenant*, a copy of which has been found among his private papers, to pray for each other, to learn one another's circumstances, and to correspond with, and counsel one another, in subsequent life. After leaving college, he engaged in no settled employment till April, 1803, when he became the instructor of an academy in the town of Peacham, in his native state, and continued in this charge till near the close of March, 1804. Shortly subsequent to this, and after a short visit to his father's family, he returned to New-Haven, and entered himself as a student at law in the office of the late Judge Chauncey. Early in the summer of 1806, he took the oath of admission to the bar, and opened an office for the practice of his profession in the city of New-Haven. In May, 1810, he removed to Boston, for the double purpose of taking the editorial charge of a literary and religious monthly publication, and pursuing the duties of his profession. He continued in the editorial department of the Panoplist

till the work was discontinued in 1820, and was himself the author of a large part of the original articles and reviews in that highly respectable work. Every one who is acquainted with the religious and ecclesiastical controversies of Massachusetts, knows with what ability that work was edited; how rapidly it rose in character and extent of circulation; and how important an agency it exerted in stemming the tide of error, and in restoring an enlightened, scriptural, and active piety to many of the declining churches. At the third annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Mr. Evarts was elected a member of that body, and at the same meeting was chosen their treasurer, and a member of their executive committee. In September, 1821, he was also appointed their corresponding secretary, in which office he remained to the time of his death. In the discharge of the duties of this office, he visited the Cherokee and Chocktaw nations in 1824, and the Cherokee, Chocktaw, and Chickesaw nations

again in 1826. In the duties of this office, also, he spent three or four winters in the city of Washington, during the session of congress, where his principal object was to exert an influence in favor of the education and civilization of the Indians, and especially their protection from oppressive legislation.

The health of Mr. Evarts had been declining for more than a year previous to his decease. During the winter of 1829–30, though feeble, and evidently needing the benefit of relaxation and a warm climate, he continued his labors at the missionary rooms till about the 1st of April, when he repaired again to the city of Washington. The debate on the Indian bill was just commencing. The excitement and labor of the months of April and May were intense; and he returned to Boston, with his health little, if at all, improved. During the summer and early part of the autumn he was laboriously employed in preparing the annual report of the board, publishing the speeches on the Indian bill, writing on the Indian question, and at-

tending to the common business at the missionary rooms. After the annual meeting of the board, these, or similar labors, continued; and added to these, he spent a fortnight at New-Bedford, superintending the embarkation of a reinforcement to the Sandwich Islands mission. Here he was exposed to cold and storms, and exerted himself in writing and addressing public assemblies in the vicinity on the subject of missions. He returned from New-Bedford December 29th, much debilitated, and could labor only at intervals afterward. He, however, wrote the memorial of the board to congress, in behalf of the Indians, while he was so weak as every hour or two to be obliged to lie down and rest. He wrote, also, a number of important letters. His last letter, as corresponding secretary of the board, was written to the missionaries in the Cherokee nation, relative to their removing or remaining, and exposing themselves to the penalty of the laws of Georgia. The part he took in behalf of the Indians, was such as might be expected from

such a man. He was early applied to to second the effort that was about to be made to effect their removal beyond the Mississippi, but he saw no good to come from it *to them*, and he abhorred and detested the means used to secure it. He was present when the bill to effect their removal passed the house of representatives—a bill that marks this republic faithless toward its dependents. And when the vote was passed, Mr. Evarts remarked to a member of congress who sat near him—"My comfort is, that God governs the world; and my hope is, that when the people of the United States come to understand the subject, there will a redeeming spirit arise; for I will not believe that the nation is yet lost to truth and honor." His anxiety and labors on this question, the distress he felt in view of the violation of the good faith of the nation, and of the rights of the Cherokees, his apprehensions of the suffering which would come on the Indian tribes, and of the judgments of heaven which would visit this country for their treachery, kept his mind in a state of

exhausting excitement for the last year and a half of his life, which, together with the accumulated labors which he sustained in consequence of this great effort, without doubt sunk him to his grave.

These, with previous trials not a few, had exerted a powerful influence in the formation of a character every day becoming more meet for the rest and joy of a higher world. God had chosen him in the furnace of affliction. He possessed a maturity of personal religion, a meetness for heaven, which was the result of long moral training, and by which the Spirit of God was preparing him for an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. As his strength declined, and he became entirely unable to attend to business, he seemed to possess a mind remarkably detached from earth, and to enjoy peculiar fellowship with God. He spent much time in reading Baxter's Saints' Rest, and in contemplating that "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" on which he often used to dwell with delighted interest, and for which

his light affliction, which was comparatively but for a moment, was preparing him. He himself had made arrangements for a journey by land, with some hope of recovering his health, at least for a season, and with this view attended minutely to his secular affairs. His own plan was to proceed to Washington, and endeavor to exert his influence in favor of the Indians till congress should rise, and then go on an agency for the board in the middle or southern states. This expectation he continued to cherish, till advised by his physician that a voyage to a warmer climate was the only probable means of restoring his health. In this he cheerfully acquiesced; and in an interview with his associates in office, with great tenderness and affection told them to proceed in their work, without reference to him. This to his own feelings was probably the most trying moment of his life. But he did not faint in the day of adversity. God was with him. Before his embarkation, he was to an uncommon degree, even for him, calm, serious, and affectionate. A cheerful

acquiescence in the will of God, an entire and joyful trust in him, a bidding adieu to the solicitudes of time, and a tenderness in his intercourse with his family and friends, which cannot be described, and that were painfully foreboding, seemed to say that he should see them no more. And had he been assured of it, his parting from them could not have been more appropriate. He took passage for the island of Cuba, on the 15th of February, and reached Havana, after a favorable voyage, on the 2d of March. But his health was not improved. After spending some time at Havana and Matanzas, and in the interior of the island, enjoying every advantage of climate, exercise, and kind attention of friends, he took passage for Savannah, and arrived there on the 24th of April, much exhausted by the voyage. In a few days his symptoms became alarming, and he proceeded to Charleston, where he arrived on the third day, much exhausted by disease and pain. Up to this time, both he himself and his physicians had mistaken the nature of his disease. There

were now evident indications of his being in the last stages of a consumption. While in Charleston, he received every possible attention from eminent physicians, and numerous friends. He continued steadily to grow weaker, often enduring great bodily pain, till 11 o'clock on the 10th of May, when his spirit was permitted to leave her frail, earthly, dissolved tabernacle, and enter on a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

As a testimony of the approbation of his Divine Master to his work of faith and labor of love, he was permitted to enjoy a most triumphant death. I have seen wicked men die, and have dwelt with melancholy interest on that emphatic description of the inspired preacher, "the wicked is *driven away* in his wickedness." He goes unexpectedly; he goes unwillingly; he is forced to go; he goes unreformed, unpardoned, unsanctified; he goes in the very practice and love of sin, and with nothing but his wickedness; and he goes to be forgotten. "I have seen the

wicked," says the Psalmist, "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree; yet he passed away, and lo! he was not. Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." There are those who die

> "Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate,
> "As leaf of autumn, which the wolfish winds,
> "Selecting from its falling sisters, chase
> "Far from its native grove to lifeless wastes,
> "And leave it there alone, to be forgotten."

It was not so with Mr. Evarts. His death-bed exhibits a scene long to be remembered. Come, gather around it: yes, come, see him die. But rush not rudely, "just on the verge of heaven." It is an atmosphere beyond the common atmosphere of earth. There is a deep solemnity, and afflictive tenderness here: for death is cold, and inexorable; and yet there is a sweetness, a placidness, which seem reflected from purer skies. There is no alarm—no dismay—no withered hopes—no deep, impenetrable gloom. Recollection

rolls not its dark waters by; nor sin its tempest; nor God his thunder; nor eternity its woes. Long ere this has memory washed its stains and fed its streams in the pure river from the throne of God. Guilt and ill desert, those conscious fires within, have long ere this been quenched in fountains of atoning blood. God speaks, but it is in tones of mercy, in messages of love, that fill the soul, and consummate its hopes. And eternity, through that dark and narrow vale, reveals its cloudless sky, its world of light, its Lamb, once slain. And yet the "chamber where the good man meets his fate," is a scene of conflict. The spirit struggles; the immortal spirit struggles for release and victory. She would fain get near the throne. She is striving to break her chains, and range those fields of light. She is restive to be unclothed, and clothed upon with her house which is from heaven. And through Him that loved her, she conquers.

"A feeble worm shall win the day,
"Though death and hell obstruct the way."

Mr. Evarts did not die suddenly, but had sufficient time for deliberate thought. He did not die in such a state of physical debility, or intellectual tumult, as to be incapable of estimating things according to their real value; but, on the other hand, he possessed a large share of sobriety of mind, and cool reflection. It was his happy privilege to have a clear view and strong impression of the scenes that were before him, and they animated and invigorated all his hopes.

When he was told that medical attendance could do little more than mitigate the violence of his disease, he requested that several ministers of the Gospel might assemble in his chamber. "I know," said he to them, "that my case is extremely critical, but I find it pleasant to be in the hands of God, who will do all things well. I have no painful solicitude as to the result of my sickness; but I think it my duty to use every means for my recovery; and I desire an interest in your special and united prayers, that, if consistent with God's will, I may recover; that I may

have a sweet sense of pardoned sin, and an unshaken confidence in the Savior; that, if God should spare my life, I may be *wholly* and *entirely* the Lord's—consecrated to his service; and that, if it should please God to remove me by this sickness, I may be enabled to glorify him on a bed of languishing and pain, and that his precious cause may be promoted by my death."

The following day, toward evening, he remarked, "To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath. I may be in eternity before it arrives." Those who know how much he loved the Sabbath, and how much he valued and enjoyed its precious rest, can easily imagine what must have been the state of his mind, when the thought occurred to him that a day so near—the day which had been his jubilee on earth—might shed its first rays upon him in a brighter and purer world. And the thought obviously dwelt upon his mind. He seemed to make an effort to enlarge upon it, but he hesitated, and added, "my mind is so weak, I cannot pursue a train of thought; but, I bless God, it is

tranquil. Not my will, but thine, O God. be done."

I distinctly recollect to have heard him express the sentiment, some years since, that he wondered why such men as Dr. Priestly and other modern Unitarians were not ashamed of their miserable self-righteousness and indignant rejection of the Gospel, when such men as Paul and Edwards, and Fuller and Martyn, placed their whole trust in the atoning blood of Christ. We might add, when such men as Evarts feel the need of a righteousness infinitely better than their own, and take refuge in the blood of the cross, what shall be thought of men who are at an unspeakable remove from his integrity and self-denial, and yet tread that blood under their feet? He expressed a firm and abiding hope, but it was in the *Lord Jesus*. To one who remarked, "We hardly know how to spare you from the missionary cause," he said, "Do not mention it, do not *mention* it; the Lord knows best." And in a few moments after this, remarked, "My work is almost done; Jesus reigns:

blessed be He! I wish to lie as a *penitent sinner at the foot of the cross.*" This appeared to be his spirit, in an eminent degree. In the course of the evening he breathed out, in interrupted and broken petitions, a short and comprehensive prayer, making a full and entire surrender of body and soul into the hands of the gracious Redeemer, and at the close of it was distinctly heard to say, "O! dear Savior! if this is the last night I have to pray on earth, let my unworthy prayer be exchanged for praise in thy kingdom above! Amen, amen!"

The following day he conversed considerably, though his appearance was greatly changed, and he was gradually sinking into the arms of death. Those who knew him, well recollect his high standard of Christian character, and the deep and tender interest he felt in youthful Christians. I perfectly remember that these topics occupied much of his time, and many of his thoughts in the early part of his Christian history;* and they

* A series of numbers, entitled "An address to

were topics that lay with great weight upon his mind during the last days of his life. To a young professor of religion, who was in his chamber, he said, "You have professed religion while young; so did I: I rejoice in it. All I have to say to you, is, endeavor to aim at great attainments, the present age demands great things of Christians. Be not satisfied with being half a Christian—be *entirely* consecrated to the service of Christ. There are some things I could do, if it be the will of Providence that I should recover, but I have no will of my own. I can rejoice that I am in the hands of the Lord. My mind is perfectly clear." To several young Christians who stood by, he said, "I feel a great interest in *young Christians*. I want to exhort you to *help* each other. Live near to God. Be *bold* in his service—it is *the only thing worth being bold for:* do not be afraid—the Lord be with you!" In the evening he requested

young persons who have lately made a profession of religion," which appeared in the Panoplist for the year ending in 1811, is the production of his pen.

a friend to read to him the 13th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, after which he spent some time in silent meditation, and again conversed with great interest, and remarked, with emphasis, "I am willing to go: I have given *myself all away.*"

It is not surprising that at such an hour the world should seem as nothing. At such an hour, it is nothing even to the worldling. But the worldling lets it go, because it is torn from his heart; while the Christian yields it because he has chosen God and heaven as his supreme good. Mr. Evarts had long felt and acted as a "pilgrim and stranger on the earth." The prospect of leaving the world behind him, did not seem, in the least degree, to disturb his tranquillity. His treasure was not here. The next morning his symptoms of approaching dissolution increased, and he felt that the time was near. He spoke of it with great sweetness and familiarity, and simply said, "I am going *home.*"

Death has, with great force and propriety, been called "the *last act* of human life." As

he saw his hour of departure approaching, he endeavored to collect his thoughts to perform this *last act* in such a manner as became him, as the creature of God, and the humble follower of the blessed Jesus. Being told that he had but a short time to live, he replied, "The will of the Lord be done!" And then he seemed deliberately and solemnly to address himself to the trials of the dark valley. "Attend," said he, "to what I now say, as to the words of a dying man. I wish, in these dying words, to recognize the Great Redeemer as the Savior from sin and hell; able and willing to save all that come unto God by him. To him I commend my spirit, as to an all-sufficient Savior. He is the great champion and conqueror of death and hell. And I recognize the great Spirit of God as the renovator of God's elect. And herein, if I gather strength, I wish to recognize and acknowledge the church of God, containing all who have truly dedicated themselves to him in a new and everlasting covenant." How true it is that men usually die as they

live! How perfectly characteristic was this of Mr. Evarts!

His love to the saints had been strong and ardent; and his obligations to them, as the servant of Christ and the missionary cause, were not few. And it is pleasant to see that he had so sweet a remembrance of these obligations in his dying moments. "And here permit a poor unworthy worm of the dust," said he, "to give thanks to many of the children of God, from whom I have received confidence, kindness, and favor, as a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ." Here, for the moment, he felt as though he had uttered all; but, recollecting himself, he added, "And one more duty." Who, that knew him, has read the following sentence without tears? "One more *duty:* if in any respect I have offended the children of God, I ask their forgiveness. If I have grieved them by impatience, or any other way, I ask their forgiveness."

About two hours after, a clergyman came in, and asked him if his mind was in a happy state; and he replied, with great emphasis,

"*It is.* Christ is precious—he does not fail me." After some brief conversation, he requested to be alone. His pain became severe, his breathing laborious, and the hour of his release was just at hand. About 9 o'clock in the evening, he requested to be laid in a position suitable for dying; and here began the shout of victory. For a short time he seemed to lie, like a little child, waiting to be removed, and expecting every moment to be translated into the immediate presence of God. But suddenly the vail was drawn aside, and his joys seemed like those of Stephen, when he exclaimed, "I see heaven opened, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." Unexpectedly to all around, his eye kindled, his clay-cold lips glowed with praises, and he burst forth with expressions of rapture that cannot be described—"Praise him!" said he, "praise him! praise him! in a way you know not of!" He then made a short pause, and said, "Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful glory! We cannot understand —we cannot comprehend—wonderful glory!

I will praise him—I will praise him!" A moment after, he inquired, "Who are in the room? Call all in—call all—let a great many come." And then he exclaimed again, "Wonderful—glory—Jesus reigns!" After this, he sank down exhausted, and fell asleep in Jesus.

Thus he died, in the fifty-first year of his age, and descended to his grave like a shock of corn, in his season, fully ripe. Thus he died, like a rich, luxuriant tree, "broken down and killed by the fruit." Thus he died,

"And with the everlasting arms embraced
"Himself around, stood in the dreadful front
"Of battle high, and warred victoriously
"With death and hell; and now was come his rest,
"His triumph day,————————
"Waiting the promised crown, the promised throne,
"The welcome and approval of his Lord."

Such are the triumphs of Jesus' love. "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor." Such are the trophies of missionary grace. Such are the honors of the missionary cause. Hall wore them fresh and vivid, and they decked his grave. And Newell wore

them; and Fiske and Parsons wore them; and Nichols, and Warren, and Mills wore them, in all their fragrance and splendor.

"A noiseless band of heavenly soldiery
"From out the armory of God equipped,
"High on the pagan hills, where Satan sat
"Encamped, and o'er the subject kingdoms threw
"Perpetual night, to plant Immanuel's cross;
"————and in the wilderness
"Of human waste, to sow eternal life."

"He that will lose his life for my sake, the same shall find it." Eternity alone can tell how much such men loved the heathen. And by how much they loved the heathen, by so much will the measure of their joys increase, when they go up with the "nations of the saved" before the Son of man. O! what a scene is that, when pagan nations and the missionaries, and men that have been the means of their salvation, shall stand before the throne of God! What a song is that, when they raise their melody of grateful hearts to heaven! There is Worcester. And there is Evarts.

"See where he walks on yonder mount, that lifts
"Its summit high on the right hand of bliss,
"Sublime in glory, talking with his peers
"Of the incarnate Savior's love, and passed
"Affliction, lost in present joy. See how
"His face with heavenly ardor glows, and how
"His hand, enraptured, strikes the golden lyre,
"As now, conversing of the Lamb once slain,
"He speaks; and how from vines that never bear
"Of winter, but in monthly harvest yield
"Their fruit abundantly, he plucks the grapes
"Of life."

But I shall not meet your expectations, nor gratify my own wishes, without attempting to present a brief outline of the character of this great and excellent man.

The *intellectual character* of Mr. Evarts was distinguished for strong powers of reasoning, great clearness and precision, and remarkable soundness and comprehensiveness of judgment. He possessed large and rich treasures of original thought, and great powers of illustration. He had great activity and copiousness of mind. He was remarkably capable of making his existing stock of

ideas extensive materials of knowledge. Every thought he acquired added to his capital, and was immediately put out at interest. He had a taste for literary and scientific pursuits, and engaged in them with great ardor and zeal. He was fond of speculation, and yet he was no theorist. Rarely do habits of abstraction and habits of business unite, as they were found in him. His talent for minute and rapid observation was not exceeded even by his talent for comparison and arrangement. But what was peculiar in the intellectual character of Mr. Evarts was the exact adjustment of the several faculties of his mind to each other. He once said to a friend, that, in early life, he was inclined to be hasty and positive in his judgment. But a remarkable balance was observable in the powers and operations of his mind. At almost any moment he could apply his mind to almost any subject; could pursue that subject at pleasure; could change it for another, and resume it at any time, and almost in any place, and in the same strain of sentiment, however elevated.

His memory was remarkably tenacious—very remarkably so for dates, considering the strength of his powers for general analysis, reasoning, and judgment.*

He had a great taste for statistical observations and calculations, and, indeed, for the whole science of political economy.† Such

* He was rarely mistaken in dates; and there was a surprising number of events, of which he could state in a moment the precise time of their occurrence. He once allowed one of his associates at the missionary rooms to question him as to the day of the month and of the week on which he entered different places on a journey he had taken, some years before, in the southern states; and he invariably answered promptly, and without any apparent calculation. When he was asked, by what process of mind he contrived to associate so many places with the day of the week and of the month in which he visited them, he replied, that the only account he could give was that *it was easy.*

† He made a calculation of the probable results of the census of the United States for 1820, which was early published in the Boston Recorder, which came so near the actual result, for each distinct state in the union, that it was scarcely credible that the calculation was merely a conjectural one.

was his genius and taste for illustrating, and inculcating a Christian system of political economy—a system founded on the great law, "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them"—that some of his friends seriously thought it might become his duty to relinquish his particular connection with the Board of Foreign Missions, and devote himself to the conducting of a paper, which should have for its leading object a reformation in the maxims, rules, and administration of civil government.

He made a frequent and vigorous use of the pen, on a great variety of topics, and was among the best writers of the age.* He wrote the essays on the Indian question, signed William Penn: a fact which enrolls his name among the friends of humanity, and will give it a place in the history of his country, when the oppressors of the Indians shall

* His published pieces, in June, 1814, amounted to 229. From 1814 to 1831, though no account of them has been found, they were still greater in number, and far more voluminous and weighty.

have passed away like the chaff of the summer thrashing-floor. A glance at the list of his publications, with a knowledge of their character, will show any one that he had accustomed his mind to investigate and reflect upon a great variety of subjects, and with uncommon accuracy and force. It was in this school of actual labor that he acquired the ability to write with the accuracy of thought, extent of knowledge, variety and appropriateness of illustration, and force of diction, which characterized his productions during the last year of his life. In composing for the press, which he did to a great extent, his page was usually fair, seldom interlined, rarely copied. His most celebrated compositions were written amid many interruptions. The faculties of his mind operated with so much ease to himself, that a great mental effort, in the use of his pen, did not produce that degree of bodily exhaustion which is frequent in men even of a more vigorous frame. After writing intensely for hours, he was perfectly fresh for conversation, for which

he had a peculiar relish, whenever he had access to minds congenial with his own. This balance of mind, with the strength of its several powers, enabled him, although of a slender constitution, to write more hours a day, taking one day with another, than almost any other man.

As a public speaker, he was manly and energetic. In deliberative assemblies, and in extemporaneous discussion, he was very justly celebrated. Though he was by no means distinguished for an easy and mellifluous utterance, or for those charms of person and action which constitute eloquence; yet every man listened to him with the deepest attention, and felt that he was listening to a bold and commanding orator. He had a thin, spare person; there was nothing in his manner fascinating, or even popular; yet he never spoke without indicating the masculine texture of his mind, and rarely without an energy that made deep, and sometimes overwhelming impressions.

Mr. Evarts was a man of *great diligence*

and untiring energy. This was his habit from his youth. From the commencement of his course in the preparatory school to the day of his death, he possessed the amazing advantage of unbroken habits of industry. I cannot easily fix my thoughts upon the man, of whom it may be so truly affirmed that he was incessantly occupied. It was not by his superior talents merely, but by his indefatigable diligence, that he accomplished so much greater amount of good than has fallen to the lot of men of high intellectual endowment. He appears to have had no contest with inactive and sluggish habits, and was never happy, unless actively employed. He seemed to feel that what he had to do for God and his fellow-men was to be done in a limited period of time, and that period was very short. It was his privilege, too, to be occupied to some good account. The celebrated *Grotius*, the father of the modern science of the law of nations, and one of the greatest scholars of his age, is said to have exclaimed on his death-bed,

"Heu! vitam perdidi operose nihil agendo."

"Alas! I have trifled away life, laboriously doing nothing!" It was not so with Mr. Evarts. The greater part of his life was full of labors and events that were intimately connected with the best interests of men. In his estimation, it was no hardship to spend his strength, and wear out his life, for the benefit of others. For the last thirty years he uniformly acted like a man who steadily kept his eye upon the glorious consequences of living and dying in the service of his Divine Master. And let not his example in this respect be soon lost sight of. Laborious and unwearied piety is the piety of the Bible. A slothful Christian is a contradiction which it is difficult to reconcile with the lowest standard of holiness.

With this view of his intellectual endowments and diligence, it is natural to conclude that his *schorlarship was of the first order.* It was during his junior year, as a member of Yale College, that I first knew him. And he was proverbially the severest student in the college. The class to which he belonged

was at that time one of the largest and best that had ever graduated at that venerable institution, and was publicly complimented as such by its late president. And I believe I do no injustice to the living or the dead, when I say, that while in some departments of literature he had some superiors, yet, as a general scholar, distinguished for the extent, accuracy, and utility of his attainments, he had none. He was the compeer of men who now hold some of the first places in the confidence and gift of the American community. But he was inferior to none of them. I well recollect the oration he pronounced when he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. His theme was the Execution of Laws. And when, at the close of it, in a strain of commanding eloquence, he introduced Lord Mansfield as rebuking the British community, it seemed as though every heart anticipated in the youthful speaker some future champion of liberty and law that should be the pride of his country. And it may not be uninteresting to some, here to state, that this

performance subsequently appeared in a series of numbers from a weekly paper printed in Portland, Maine, and was publicly attributed, by the editor to the pen of *Dr. Dwight!* Mr. Evarts was a fine specimen of character, founded on first-rate scholarship. Science had given him an enlarged view of the works of God. One such man, in the pulpit, at the bar, in the senate-house, or in the infirmary, well qualified by thorough intellectual discipline and literary attainment, is worth more to the church and the world than fifty men, whose self-sufficient and erratic course is marked by little else than honesty and zeal, and who leave twice as much to be unlearned by their successors, as they themselves ever learned.

Of the *character of Mr. Evarts' piety*, much ought to be said. It was strongly built upon fixed principles. No man could be long in his company without observing the connection between his principles and conduct. This was one of the lessons which his every-day deportment practically taught, and with

great clearness and strength. Religion with him was not an empty notion, nor an external form, nor the usage of a sect or party. Human opinions were a very little matter to him, when opposed to the declarations of the Bible. To these he gave implicit confidence, without reserve or qualification. If there was a class of truths to which he felt peculiar attachment, they were those which have ever been most obnoxious to a world lying in wickedness; which are most discriminating in their moral influence; which give God the throne, and prostrate every creature at his footstool. I have not the means of knowing extensively his theological views in the latter part of his life; but in his early reading he was strongly attached to the works of Calvin, Edwards, and Hopkins. There was nothing of bigotry or intolerance about him. If he judged any man with severity, it was himself. He possessed, to an unusual degree, a *candid* mind. I have rarely met with a man who so habitually desired that every doubtful opinion and measure should be freely and

fully discussed. And hence it was that there was nothing boisterous in his religion, and nothing transient. It was no fitful and momentary thing, but seemed inwrought into the very temper of his soul. It was the religion of intelligence, system, and zeal; and seemed to pervade with its vital influence all his habits of thinking and principles of action.

His piety also was remarkably uniform. From the first commencement of his Christian career, he possessed several strong and prominent characteristics, and they remained in all their strength and prominence to his dying hour. The same steadfastness and sobriety which led him to form so just an estimate of moral objects, the same high standard of piety, the same solicitude for young Christians, the same interest in benevolent institutions, the same self-renunciation which shone in such sweet and amiable lustre in his dying hours; were exhibited in bold and strong relief in the bright morning of his hopes. I was familiar with his early history; and when I first read the narrative of his

death, I could not help saying, "It is such a death as I should expect Mr. Evarts to die. He has finished his course as he began it. His light never waned, but was strong and steady to the last."

During his whole course, his religious character was marred by comparatively few blemishes. He was every where circumspect and watchful. The lustre of his Christian reputation has never been obscured, nor his usefulness abridged by any real or alledged deviations from moral correctness and propriety even in little things.

He possessed a remarkably kind and fraternal spirit. There was nothing harsh or unamiable, nothing rigid or unrelenting about him. Though his temperament was naturally of a mercurial cast, and though he was capable of kindling when unreasonably opposed, yet he very rarely overstepped the bounds of Christian meekness. In the conduct of the missionary enterprise, his opinions were sometimes controverted, and his measures were sometimes overruled; but he bore

the opposition with mildness, and cheerfully submitted to the judgment of his brethren. One of his associates in office has remarked, "In all our intercourse, for ten years, I do not remember receiving from him a single harsh or unkind word."

His piety, too, was eminently practical. It was the business of every day; and accompanied him wherever he went, and appeared in whatever he did. It was not the religion of the imagination, but of cordial obedience to the divine commands. Nor was it a fitful religion, but a course so steady, that, to the eye of men, he rarely hesitated and faltered. And yet he had no small degree of the inspiration of Christian feeling. There was an order about him that rebuked and put to shame slothful and cold professors.

He was the decided friend of revivals of religion; and until he became immersed in the great subject of missions, labored much and actively to promote them. In the memorable revival of Yale College in the summer of 1802, and in the subsequent revival in the

city of New-Haven, in the winter of 1807 and 1808, his fervent prayers and indefatigable efforts, in season and out of season, in the city and in the adjacent villages, will be long and gratefully remembered. He was in the habit of frequently remarking, and his prayers and whole conduct were in accordance with the remark, that he saw no way in which our nation could be saved from infidelity and utter ruin, except by revivals of religion, more numerous and powerful than any heretofore experienced; and for the accomplishment of this object, his whole hope was in the effusions of the Holy Spirit.

He was also the firm friend of the Sabbath. The Sabbath was to him a day of very great enjoyment. The profanation of it he regarded as a great national sin, ruinous to the moral principles and virtue of individuals, the parent of crimes, and certainly drawing after it national judgments, and final national corruption, and the extinction of our free institutions. He took a most active part in the measures adopted to prevent the transporta-

tion of the mail on that sacred day; wrote circulars and petitions, and presented them for signatures; conversed extensively with members of congress on this subject; and compiled and published the pamphlet, consisting of extracts from memorials to congress from different parts of the country on this matter, together with an introduction and conclusion written by himself. This was attended with much labor and pecuniary sacrifice. He fully believed that the observance of the Sabbath and other religious institutions could be permanently and advantageously secured in no other manner than by the diffusion of religious knowledge and the enforcing of religious motives.

The practical usefulness of his Christian character consisted pre-eminently in his simple benevolence. This was its beauty and glory. While his mind was awake to the general condition and prospects of the church, and while he took a deep interest in her literary institutions and the learning of her ministers, and while with an eagle eye he watched the

operations of the press and whatever might influence the religious and moral opinions and habits of the community, he did not overlook those silent and unostentatious deeds of mercy which every where distinguish the benevolence of the Gospel. As he was often called to urge the claims of Christian liberality, so he felt them. His business in the profession of the law, during the four years he resided at New-Haven, was very limited, and his income from that source did not much exceed the mere expenses of his office, the expenses of his family being defrayed principally by keeping boarders. Yet here, and under these circumstances, he began that system of giving in charity which he continued through life. He resolved to give one tenth of his income, however small. His accounts on this subject were kept with scrupulous accuracy; and as his income increased, from his salary, and his publications, and some other sources, the proportion given in charity was much increased. His religion seemed to consist in escaping from the do-

minion of a selfish mind, and in seeking, not his own, but the things that are Christ's. Few men have done more to raise the standard of Christian liberality in the American churches than he.

And with all these excellencies his piety was of the sweetest and most humble kind. Rarely was his good evil spoken of, for a self-complacent and self-sufficient spirit. From his commanding talents, and from the official responsibilities which devolved upon him, he may be supposed to have been proud and domineering; but one of the greatest charms of his character was his unfeigned humility. This he found by frequent intercourse with the mercy-seat. He was a man of prayer, and cultivated the self-denying graces by intimate fellowship with God.

With these characteristics, it is not surprising that his piety was fearless and firm. He had an uncommon share of original independence of mind; and it was elevated and fortified by grace. Natural resolution and firmness, however unyielding and indomita-

ble, become weak and variable where they are not directed and sustained by the principles and spirit of the Gospel. Christian boldness aims invariably at truth and duty. It is not the boldness of Cæsar, but of Christ. Heroes and statesmen may be men of fearless intrepidity, because they have a seared conscience and a hardened heart. Christian boldness cannot live without great benevolence of spirit and honesty of intention. No wonder a good man should be a coward, when he acts contrary to his conscience. So intimately inwoven are the decisions of conscience with all our impressions of obligation, that it is only when conscience is obeyed, that he can summon his strong and ardent affections, and, in defiance of difficulty and danger, adventure upon daring enterprises with quenchless zeal and perseverance. With an honest heart and an honest conscience, he may be "bold as a lion." His boldness then deserves the name. It is a paramount attachment to truth and duty; and he has nothing to fear. This is the mainspring of

all Christian decision. Duty is its object, without regard to smiles or frowns; and duty it will follow, through evil report and good report, to the cross and the crown. This is the stimulus to all moral courage. This is the spirit which is every where cool and undisturbed; every where undaunted and prepared to do and suffer; every where unmoved, however wild the tempest, and universal the convulsions. This is the spirit which renders the soul superior to calamity and peril, and enables the man in whose bosom it dwells, to anticipate, without dismay, every indication of alarm, however ominous, and every possible issue, however fraught with ignominy and terror. This is the spirit which draws all the affections of the soul toward its object; which, while it seizes, absorbs; and which abandons its purpose only when it has lost the power of exertion, or the hope of success. This was the spirit of Paul, before Felix; of Daniel, before the den of lions; of Luther, before the diet of Worms; of Knox, before Mary: and of the Prince of Condy,

before Charles the IX. of France. This is the spirit which is nurtured by prayer, and cherished by strong confidence in God. It is fearless amid the moral earthquake, because God is there. It is triumphant over principalities and powers, because it is strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. It is happy amid scenes of danger and devastation, because the Eternal God is a refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

Christian boldness was the prominent trait in the character of Mr. Evarts. If he had lived in the days of persecution, he would have been among the first to have gone to the stake. "Be bold in the service of God. It is the only thing worth being bold for." This was the spirit of the man.

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum."

He possessed a bold and undaunted decision of character. He was often placed in situations which gave him a noble opportunity of exercising this spirit, and he did it. Neither flatteries nor frowns could move him.

"Where'er he went,
"This lesson still he taught, to fear no ill
"But sin, no being but Almighty God."

It was not an assumed and fictitious independence that he possessed; it was not founded in caprice and passion; nor put on for the sake of differing from others; but it grew out of a deliberate, steadfast regard to God and duty, and to these he adhered, whatever might be the consequences. He was as much above the opinions and customs of the world, as any man I ever knew. When once he had formed his purposes, he did not stop to ask what others might say and do in relation to them, but vigorously carried them into execution, and left observers to speculate, and opposers to complain afterward. I have known him, especially about the time he began the world, to suffer severely, both in his reputation and property, from his unbending rectitude. But nothing would induce him to make a compromise with conscience. The unexpected pressure of difficulty may have disturbed him for a moment, but it was only

to inspirit him with fresh resolution and fortitude. Who that intimately knew him, cannot look back upon a multitude of incidents in his history, in which his conduct seemed to say, "Be bold in the service of God: it is the only thing worth being bold for!" When his mind had once taken a strong view of the great object he was pursuing, it was in vain to embarrass and resist him, unless you meant to stimulate him to growing ardor and activity.

Few men were so well able to sustain this determined character, because few possessed his judgment and discrimination, and his remarkable balance of mind. Men there are of unbending integrity and firmness, but they have little judgment to direct and govern them. Right or wrong, wise or unwise, they will not be diverted from their designs. But this is not Christian boldness, but unchristian obstinacy. There was nothing from which Mr. Evarts was at a greater remove than this. Though he often formed very important decisions almost intuitively, he was, to a re-

markable degree, freed from imprudence and rashness. Very rarely, if ever, did he adhere to his purposes at the expense of practical wisdom. It was his characteristic discretion, as well as his zeal and intrepidity, that so sensibly promoted his usefulness, and secured for him the confidence and co-operation of the churches, in the great enterprise to which his life was so faithfully and successfully devoted.

It was a circumstance of deep interest to the pagan world, that such a man as our deceased friend was called to the executive department of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. When the enterprise of foreign missions was set on foot by the churches of Massachusetts, he was engaged in the profession of the law, in a neighboring state. But he was by no means an indifferent observer of this novel undertaking. The missionary cause was one singularly adapted to his expansive and benevolent views. And it is in his high and intimate relation to this cause, that his friends

and the friends of Zion love chiefly to regard him. He was useful in other spheres, and in some greatly useful. As a scholar, as a jurist, as an editor, as the patron of all Christian and benevolent institutions, as an abettor of the cause of temperance, as an advocate for the Christian sabbath, and the fearless defender of the rights of the Indians, he was the benefactor of his country. But the cause of missions to the heathen was the great sphere of his usefulness. For this he was eminently fitted by his talents, his scholarship, his untiring activity, his Christian character, and his acquaintance with men and the world. And his mind and heart seem to have received a new impulse, and to have been enlarged and transformed, by coming in contact with this great object. Perhaps there is not a finer example of the influence of benevolent operations upon the mind and heart than he himself presents; and there is scarcely a finer example of the amount of good which can be accomplished by one man of humble origin, when his ef-

forts are directed toward an object adapted to his capacity, and worthy of all his energy and ardor.

The amount of business at the missionary rooms is much greater than is generally known, even by the friends of missions. The number of letters there prepared, many of them long and requiring much thought, exceeds *twenty-five hundred* a year. On the secretaries of that office devolves all the correspondence of the board, foreign and domestic, except what relates immediately to the treasury. On them also devolves the preparation of the annual report, of missionary papers, instructions to missionaries, and other public documents; the editing of the Missionary Herald, the general superintendence of the missions, the obtaining and directing of missionaries and agents, the collection of information which shall lead to the establishment of new missions and the enlargement of those already established; the preparation of business for the prudential committee, the arrangements for the meetings

of auxiliaries, together with the deputations to attend them; and also a very extensive and personal intercourse with the friends of missions from all parts of the country. No one man could possibly attend minutely to this multifarious concern. For several years Mr. Evarts had little to do in conducting the Missionary Herald. Much of the correspondence, foreign and domestic, was also written by his associates. He was also occasionally absent from Boston, for considerable periods of time, when all the business of the rooms devolved on his associates. His absences always had some reference however to the missionary cause, and were laboriously devoted to the formation of auxiliary societies, to the inspection of the missionary stations, and to modify, if possible, the measures which he feared the national government might pursue in relation to the Indians. Here, perhaps, it may be proper to remark, that it may be doubted whether the necessity of official visits to the missions is well understood by the public, or their utility appreciated. The

saving of money, of labor, of time in the prosecution of the missions, and the promotion of zeal in the missionaries, have almost invariably, perhaps always, been of far greater value than the expense of the visit. Indeed, such visitations, occasionally made, are indispensable, cost what they may. And with what fidelity, and advantage, and rigid economy, this service was performed by Mr. Evarts, is well understood by the prudential committee of the board.

The first ten annual reports of the committee were written by the Rev. Dr. Worcester; the last ten by Mr. Evarts. The conclusion of the report in 1826, and of the last in 1830, are among his most eloquent productions, especially the last. Few productions do greater honor to the American character. It deserves to be noticed, that each of these secretaries should have written just ten reports. Mr. Evarts himself noticed this circumstance, and dwelt upon it, with a significant foreboding, in a conversation with one of his associates, and desired him to remember the

circumstance if he should be called to his rest before another annual meeting of the board. The instructions to missionaries on the point of going into the field, were also generally written by Mr. Evarts. His untiring diligence and energy of action during the last ten years of his life, and while sustaining the office of secretary of the board, were beyond all praise. It was an *eventful* period of his life, fruitful in benevolent results, and has left its indelible impression on the heathen world.

There is one very delightful feature in his character developed in the performance of his official duties. He appeared to feel deeply, and was anxious that his associates should feel their entire insufficiency for the enterprise in which they were embarked, without divine aid. It was his custom for years, with some interruptions, after the labors of the week were ended, to meet his associates at his own house, for the purpose of reviewing the business of the week past, and anticipating that of the week to come; and in general of

spending an hour in the evening in conversation and prayer, with reference to their official duties. His solicitude for the proper discharge of his duty was sometimes very intense; and so was his solicitude for the missionaries; but nothing occasioned him so much solicitude as the backwardness of the churches to furnish pecuniary means for sending the Gospel to the heathen.

But the days of his toil and solicitude are over. He rests now. He speaks to us from the grave; or rather from those high worlds of light and joy. I seem to hear him say to the friends of missions in this assembly and in this land—"Remember the nations that know not God. Sectional distinctions, party interests, local enterprises, wealth, fame, pleasure—all, all must be forgotten in the great, the common enterprise of *converting the world.* There is a beauty and sublimity in this mighty object, that transcend all the beautiful and sublime of the moral creation. When the elements shall melt with fervent heat; when the earth with all its magnifi-

cence shall be wrapt in flame; this glorious cause will but just have begun to commend itself to the intelligent universe. When the ransomed of the Lord shall return with songs and everlasting joy upon their head; when the gates of perpetual praise shall be opened to the redeemed from every nation, and kindred, and tongue, under heaven; then, and not till then, will it be fully seen, that it is just as important that the Gospel be carried to the heathen, as that the heathen should be saved. Tremble not for the missionary cause. God will protect it when all the nations die. It is by his almighty power and grace that it has been sustained, and by the same energy it will be still sustained." Let the friends of missions listen to this timely counsel. Though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, God is a refuge for us, and we need not fear. Evarts may be silent and forgotten in the grave; but the Lord liveth, and blessed be our Rock, and let the God of our salvation be exalted! Changes in men and events there will be;

but there is none in God. Be it ours to increase our faith, to enlarge our plans of benevolence, to redouble our efforts—for the diffusion of the Gospel among all nations—for the destruction of every false system of religion—for the conversion of the world—and the God of heaven will take care of the missionary enterprise. The great work of turning the world from Satan unto God is begun, and it shall be accomplished; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Let there be no division in our counsels and no relaxation of our efforts, and the cause will prosper in our hands and through our unworthy instrumentality. Let not difficulties discourage us; let not reproaches provoke us; let not disappointments depress us.—"*Be bold in the service of God. It is the only thing worth being bold for.*" Difficulty and peril there are in the path of duty, but be bold for Christ. Every where prove yourselves the uncompromising friends of truth and righteousness. If fiery trials await you, they are designed to test your integrity, and prove your patience and submis-

sion. It is always safe to be bold and intrepid in duty. Do not be afraid. "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, that shall not be removed, but abideth for ever. Fear not them which kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but fear Him, who, after he hath killed, hath power to destroy both soul and body in hell: yea, I say unto you, fear him." In his cause you can afford to suffer. He could afford it, and so can you. Sacrifices for Christ are infinite and eternal gain.

And to every man in this dying assembly, I seem to hear him say, and with all the silent eloquence and persuasion of the grave, "Think of eternity and heaven. Think of the glorious character and everlasting career of the righteous, and of the debased and hopeless character and miserable end of the wicked." Looking out from that immeasurable eternity, he proclaims, "The world is emptiness and illusion. Life is frail and perishing.

Soon you will be numbered with the congregation of the dead. In a little while you will mingle with the amazing multitude that shall stand up before the judgment-seat of Christ. In a little while, you will be acquitted or condemned; you will rise to heaven, or sink to hell." Such are the issues of your brief and uncertain probation. Never were they more palpable, and never did they assume greater magnitude and importance, than at such a day as this. God is arising to shake terribly the earth. His fan is in his hand. He is rapidly preparing all things for the final harvest. His sword is upon his thigh, and he is gone forth, conquering and to conquer. And who will enlist under his banner? Who asks no better portion, than to be identified with his successes and triumphs? Who will bind his eternal destiny to the wheels of his chariot, and rise or fall with the conquests or defeat of his empire? Who is on the Lord's side? In this day of conflict, who is for Christ and his cause? In this day of wonders, who will stand forth for the millenium and for heaven?

MEMORY OF CORNELIUS.

In forming an estimate of the character of an individual, there are always two classes of influence to be taken into the account. In the first place, the providence and spirit of God are to be distinctly recognized. Men are not unfrequently placed in such circumstances that they can hardly avoid acting a distinguished part. They came into existence at that very moment when the world was ripe for change. They had only to fall in with a current which had received its direction long before they were born. Or, perhaps, some slight incident occurred in the early part of their history, which was entirely out of the range of their contrivance, but which essentially modified their whole subsequent course. The fathers of New-England, though endued with almost prophetic sagacity, were, notwith-

standing, deeply indebted to the providence of God. The persecutions which they suffered in England compelled them to leave it. A spirit of adventure and foreign discovery had been, for several years, abroad in Europe. Coming from a small island, over a wide ocean, and landing on a great continent, they would naturally feel an enlargement of soul. The idea must have been forced upon their minds, that they were to be the parents of a new race, the patriarchs of a new continent. They were also frequently the subjects of remarkable and entirely unforeseen deliverances.

It is important to look upon the history and character of men in this aspect. A main part of our object in reading biography, should be to trace the operations of the providence of God. If we lose sight of that, we shall certainly be in danger of paying idolatry to a few distinguished names. In Washington's character there was a singularly happy combination of qualities, which were in part the result of his own effort and self-discipline. Still, God gave to Washington powers of

body and of mind altogether unusual, and placed him in circumstances where those powers were nurtured and developed.

In the second place, however, men are free agents. Almost unbounded scope is given to them for industry, energy, and constant acquisition. There is a very great disparity among individuals in the same profession, with equal original powers and with the same opportunities, because one will make those efforts which another refuses or neglects to make. God does not give wisdom to the thoughtless, nor energy to the idle. He dispenses his favors providently, as well as bountifully. It is a most interesting fact in the divine administration, that the industrious and observant man should meet with that favorable conjunction of circumstances on which success often depends. There are placed before us, not only general promises of aid, but the strong probability that we shall meet some of those unforeseen events which will enable us to confer eminent benefits on mankind. It was the patient and thoughtful Newton to

whom was revealed the beautiful order of these material heavens. It is the laborious experimentalist who effects the most important discoveries in any of the sciences. The celebrated inventions in the arts were the product of intense and long-continued thought. So it is in the spiritual world. We do not attain to distinguished usefulness by accident or by miracle. Our hearts must be divested of pride and self-sufficiency, and our hands must be ready for effort, before we can discover and take advantage of the openings in the providence of God.

In order, therefore, to give a consistent view of any man's character, we must keep in mind the two classes of facts and influences to which I have adverted. Mr. CORNELIUS was, in some respects, a self-educated man. If he had original force of character, he was never accustomed to put any blind dependence upon it. He knew what his powers for doing good were, and how they might be strengthened and perfected. Through his whole public life he manifested uncommon industry,

and a methodical and intelligent application to his various duties. At the same time it cannot be denied that he was indebted to extraneous influence, and to the arrangements of that Power who ruleth over all. In the following remarks it is proposed briefly to consider his character and public life, under both the aspects which have been mentioned.

One of the most striking attitudes in which Mr. Cornelius is presented to our minds, has respect to his bodily organization. While this was doubtless affected in various ways, by his regimen, and his attention to the rules of exercise and temperance, yet it was to be regarded pre-eminently as a gift of the Creator—and it was a gift of surpassing beauty and proportion. It is not transgressing the bounds of truth to say, that he had *all* the qualities which compose a perfect human form. If, when gazing upon that form, an emotion of envy has arisen in our hearts, the emotion has been checked by the thought that such powers were accompanied with corresponding responsibilities, and that a failure fully to employ

them in the service of their Creator would be attended with great guilt. All the parts of his frame were, if we may so express it, *in keeping*. The effect of one feature or limb was not heightened by contrast with the deformity of another. On the contrary, each was rendered more attractive by being in harmony with others. A remarkable trait in his personal appearance, was the variety and quick succession of emotions which he exhibited through the medium of his countenance. The operations of his mind were in an extraordinary degree visible through that natural mirror. We have seen feelings of grief, of affectionate confidence, of intense solicitude, and of exulting hope, depicted on his features with such strength and vividness as to mock all delineation either by pen or pencil. It was like the crossing and recrossing of light and shade over a harvest field. This circumstance helped him to retain command of the eye and the attention, when addressing a public audience. It was a passport to the hearts of men. The thoughts and feelings which were communicated by

his language, were beaming and burning on every feature. The lines and colors of his countenance were the handmaids and interpreters, and in many cases, the harbingers of what fell from his lips. The structure of his frame, and his general aspect, was that of dignity. He was formed to be a *leader* in any enterprize in which he might be engaged. His erect position and majestic frame impressed every beholder. It won the esteem of those who had no sympathy with his religious opinions. It enabled him to declare the truth of God, in the presence of great men, without hesitation and without detriment to his cause. It also awakened a strong interest in his behalf in the most unenlightened and depressed classes of society with which he came in contact. Accompanying and enforcing all the preceding qualities, was his *voice*. It was one of uncommon clearness and compass. It could reach the most distant auditor with perfect distinctness, and fill every corner and niche of our largest edifices. It had not, perhaps, the delicacy and flexibility of

tone which some voices possess; still it was not deficient in these qualities. He produced the most powerful effects upon our feelings by the milder and lower intonations. There was occasionally a subduing tenderness, which was in strong and delightful contrast with some preceding exhibition of overwhelming power. His clear and sonorous voice was to him, as a public agent, a powerful auxiliary. Very few individuals who have lived in this country, have been called to address audiences more numerous, or convened in edifices more diverse in form and size.

The character of his father was another circumstance worthy of distinct consideration. This excellent man had passed through scenes which had imparted to him great energy and firmness. Early in life he had engaged in the service of his country, without the cordial concurrence of his family friends. He escaped from a long and severe imprisonment in a British jail, by his boldness and ingenuity. He maintained, during the latter period of his military career, a consistent re-

ligious profession, and to the close of a long life he upheld the institutions of the Gospel, in the face of much discouragement and opposition. This determined character he impressed upon his son. Perhaps the consideration that he was an *only* son, led him to guard more carefully against the dangers by which a father in such circumstances is surrounded. At all events, the course of discipline which he adopted was manly and decisive, and the effect on the character of the youthful subject was great and salutary. It imparted a vigor and determination to his mind and whole character which never forsook him.

In this connection, it is important to dwell, for a moment, upon a fact in his religious history. The remark has been sometimes made, that when God intends to employ an individual in a sphere of distinguished usefulness, he so orders it that his conversion is marked and unequivocal. This assertion is not meant to imply that there must be, in all cases, very deep convictions of sin, or corresponding emotions of joy, or an immediately

decisive alteration of any kind. The change in Baxter, Buchanan, and Martyn was so gradual, that the time when it commenced was not obvious to themselves or to others. At length, however, the evidence that they were Christians was to themselves distinct and full. Martyn said that he could no more question it than he could his own existence. The different manner and circumstances of this great change must exert a decided influence on the whole subsequent life. Persevering effort for the salvation of others, is not consistent with prevailing doubts in regard to one's own safety. What would a soldier be worth in the day of battle, if he followed his commander with hesitating and doubtful steps? A person must be rejoicing in hope, and in some measure confident of his high calling, before he can do good to all men as he has opportunity. It is of great importance, therefore, that a Christian should commence his course with as much impetus as possible from the circumstances of his own conversion. The very recollection of the "marvelous

change" will inspire him with new ardor in his pathway to heaven. With this signal advantage did Mr. Cornelius enter upon his religious course. His conviction of sin was uncommonly deep and thorough, and his first exercise of faith in the Savior cordial and soul-transforming. The reality of the change was clear to his own mind as well as to those of others. A consciousness of love to Christ diffused a sweet serenity through his soul, and armed him with courage for the day of conflict. He often referred to this period as emphatically a season of grace and peace—a foretaste of never-ending joy. Darkness and doubt, indeed, occasionally visited his soul within a short time after his conversion, but they only made the recovered beams of the Sun of Righteousness more pleasant and vivifying. He possessed in some good measure the feelings of Paul, when he deduces from his confident expectation of eternal life the sublime inference, WHEREFORE WE LABOR.

Mr. Cornelius entered on his religious life at a period when many circumstances must

have combined to produce a strong impression on a heart so susceptible as his. It was an era in the history of Christianity. The churches of Christ were just beginning to realize the great fact that their religion is to be *propagated* among all nations. The first company of missionaries had just departed to carry the Gospel to India. Mills had commenced his career of seraphic benevolence. Our Western States were becoming known as, in many parts, scenes of moral desolation. An unaccustomed interest was awakened in behalf of the children of Africa. The glow and freshness of youth was upon every thing which had respect to the propagation of Christianity at home and abroad. There had been no period like it since the reformation. The preceding years of the nineteenth century were, comparatively, a season of apathy. At the present time, the subject of the evangelization of the world has become, to some extent, a matter of sober calculation, and of fixed principle. The fact, therefore, that Mr. Cornelius entered upon the Christian life at

the time in which he did, shaped, in no inconsiderable degree, his whole future destiny. It gave a tenderness to his feelings, and an enlargement to his views, which would have been attained, probably, in no other circumstances.*

His familiar acquaintance with a few such men as Mr. Evarts and Dr. Worcester, it is generally supposed, contributed, in no slight degree, to the formation of his character. Frequently as he enjoyed such opportunities, and highly as he valued them, they could hardly fail to leave a deep impression on his inquisitive mind and susceptible heart. We are inclined to believe, however, that the intercourse which he enjoyed with those venerated men, though highly important, did not essentially modify his character. He learned from them, indeed, many lessons of practical wisdom. They corrected the decisions of his inexperienced youth, and helped him to control his feelings, by giving additional clearness to his conscience, and strength to his

* He read at this time, with singular delight and profit, the Memoir of Mrs. Harriet Newell.

judgment. At the feet of Dr. Worcester, especially, he always delighted to sit, and listen to the words of wisdom which dropped as honey from his lips. Yet his character, as to all his main features, was formed before his acquaintance with the individuals in question. He never manifested a sounder judgment, or a more enlightened zeal, than on his mission to the Indians, when hardly twenty-two years old. That agency brought him into connection with men high in civil life, yet he acquitted himself of all his difficult undertakings with uncommon fidelity and prudence. His resources were developed very early in life. He did not need that protracted experience which many others must acquire before their powers can be safely, and to the highest degree, employed. The effect of his intercourse with more mature minds, consisted in giving a uniformity to his character, and in correcting his judgment in the lesser circumstances and occasions of life.

We are now prepared to consider some of the traits in his character, in the formation

and culture of which he exerted a more direct agency himself.

The versatility of his powers was uncommon. There are very few species of labor, intellectual or physical, in which he would not have excelled, had he pleased to have given his attention to them. He could turn instantly from one employment to another. He had that ready address, that self-possession, attractive personal appearance, acquaintance with the modes of intercourse in society, firm muscular power, excitableness of emotion, which qualified him to discharge, with entire success, a great variety of complicated duties. He did not possess, as he was ever ready to acknowledge, very copious stores of science and literature. Still, he had the mental ability —the stamina of a scholar—power of laborious investigation—of seizing upon fundamental principles—of subjecting a topic to logical analysis and generalization. Had he seen fit to accept of his appointment of Theological Professor at one of our more important colleges, he would, doubtless, have

qualified himself to have discharged its duties with eminent ability. On one occasion he had opportunity to show his mental resources on the field of controversy; with what success need not here be mentioned. His sermon on the Trinity is a happy specimen of clear and simple illustration, and of condensed thought, on a subject which has been frequently involved in unnecessary darkness. His executive powers were so remarkable, that it has been sometimes supposed that he resorted to his study with strong reluctance. But the fact was the reverse. A mind so intelligent and inquisitive was certainly capable of acquiring habits of abstraction, and of severe and protracted thought.

The entire harmony of his character was as remarkable as the versatility of his powers. He was a faithful and an affectionate friend, a valuable counsellor, lovely and interesting in all his social relations, ready to sympathize in every form of human calamity, and to take a real and effective interest in the concerns of others. He rejoiced in the extension of civil

liberty and the rights of man. He was an impressive preacher of the doctrines of the cross, and an eloquent advocate of every philanthropic enterprize. At home or abroad, among strangers or friends, in the great congregation, or on the solitary journey, there was a delightful consistency of feeling and conduct.

But it may be well to consider more at length, some of the qualities of his character which have just been enumerated. For a professional man, his acquaintance with the affairs of common life and business was uncommonly extensive and accurate. He adhered to the maxim, that what was worth doing at all, was worth doing well. He conducted his pecuniary accounts with great regularity and neatness. The various public documents which were intrusted to his care, were arranged with order and intelligence. His style of penmanship, if not distinguished for elegance, was very neat and perspicuous. To the most minute details of the office, to the most laborious examination and arrange-

ment he submitted with entire cheerfulness. This intimate acquaintance with the *details* of a system, enabled him to act with confidence and energy. The effect of such knowledge and such habits on his conscience was by no means inconsiderable. The tenderness and power of that faculty are often greatly lessened by the loose and desultory manner of transacting pecuniary concerns, which many professing Christians adopt. A great revolution in the habits of men, in this particular, will be effected when they will bring their conscience beneath the clear and searching light of God's law. They will see and feel that a Christian character, in its proper meaning, can be maintained only by doing at the right time, and in the right manner, every duty which devolves upon them.

Closely allied with the preceding trait, was integrity. Of the property of the church, which was intrusted to his care, Mr. Cornelius was a faithful steward; conscious that the prosperity, if not the very existence of our benevolent associations is depending on the rigid honesty

of those who have the disposal of the public funds. He had evidently studied this subject with much seriousness and attention. Instead of subjecting himself to the charge of delinquency and carelessness, he, perhaps, erred on the other extreme. He frequently mentioned to the writer of this article, that he never performed a journey of considerable length, in behalf of a public object, without a sacrifice of his pecuniary interests. When urged to adopt efficient measures to secure a more comfortable pecuniary support, he was accustomed to bring forward, in justification of his conduct, the example of Paul, who gladly relinquished his own rights that he might put no hinderance in the way of the Gospel. We have rarely known an instance of honesty more scrupulous, of integrity farther beyond the reach of suspicion, accompanied at the same time with great, and, considering his circumstances, munificent liberality.

Mr. Cornelius possessed, in a striking degree, the power of inducing others to co-operate with him in the accomplishment of his

plans. It was very difficult for an individual, however fortified in an adverse opinion, to resist his eloquent persuasions. One secret of his success, in this particular, was his personal experience in deciding questions of duty. He had fully investigated those considerations by which all men of religious principle are wont to be guided. He could also state a question to every description of minds with remarkable clearness. He did not carry his point so much by the invention of new arguments, as by a luminous presentation of the obvious and ascertained facts and arguments belonging to the question. We have been surprised at the facility with which men of moderate capacity apprehended his meaning. He had none of that vanity which causes a man to hunt for original thoughts and modes of expression, at the expense of perspicuity and impression. He was willing, also, to reiterate the same great motives and arguments, when an ambitious spirit, or personal intellectual benefit, would have tempted him to have taken a different course. Such, moreover,

was the vigor of his imagination and the strength of his feelings, that he could clothe a subject in rich and attractive colors. He was deeply interested himself in whatever business he undertook, and this enabled him to present it to others in its most impressive forms. His object was not, however, attained by over-statement, or by an enumeration of unimportant circumstances, but by showing the prominent aspects of the question in their bearing on the salvation of the world. And here it may be remarked, that he ever *retained* the friends and auxiliaries which he had secured to his cause. Those who had bestowed of their substance, bountifully, at his solicitation, welcomed his return. He had qualities which made it delightful to be associated with him—a deep and sincere interest in the welfare of others, even in minute particulars—unaffected kindness of manner—great delicacy of feeling—freedom from every species of envy and jealousy—the practice of heartily commending others, when it could be done with truth—and a confident belief in

the certain and glorious triumphs of the enterprize in which he was engaged. This last circumstance was very apparent. He was accustomed to dwell upon the encouraging aspects of his course. Some excellent men, by allowing their minds to fasten on the apathy of real Christians, on the avarice of mercenary professors of Christianity, and on the appalling obstacles in the way of success in the unbelieving world, exceedingly impede their usefulness. They become timid, gloomy, jealous, if not misanthropic. They rarely mingle, with their harsh complaints and denunciations, the soft words of persuasion and encouragement. They do not follow the example of Paul, who commended his brethren whenever he could do it in consistency with truth. Mr. Cornelius acted on the principle of the Romans, never to despair of the commonwealth. He threw around him an air of cheerfulness and hope. This example animated the bosoms of his coadjutors. They felt inspired by the presence of a leader who was so confident of victory, and so able, with the blessing of God, to secure it.

One of the traits in his character to which his success in public life was greatly owing, was the union of sound judgment and ardent emotion. A stranger, after listening to his public addresses, might conclude that however efficient he might be in action, he would not be uncommonly discreet in counsel. But the important public measures of his life will bear the severest examination. In matters comparatively unimportant, errors in judgment might be discerned. But whenever a great interest was at stake, no man would submit to more patient deliberation. We will select a striking instance of his forethought, at the very commencement of his public career in 1818.

At the time in which he visited the councils of the Creek and Cherokee Indians, for the purpose of inducing them to co-operate in the establishment of schools and missions among their people, the government of the United States were endeavoring to induce the Indians to remove west of the Mississippi. Soon after the arrival of Mr. Cornelius in New-Orleans, a friend

in Tennessee informed him that a report was in circulation in that State, that he had used all his influence while with the Indians, to persuade them not to sell their lands and emigrate, according to the wishes of the government of the United States; and further, that on the strength of this report the Governor of Tennessee had written to the Secretary of War, cautioning him to guard against the influence and designs of Mr. Cornelius. This intelligence, totally unexpected as it was, did not lead him to act unadvisedly, nor to delay acting promptly. It happened most providentially that when he had visited the Indian tribes, two or three Tennessee merchants were in company with him, on their way to New-Orleans, and had heard all his communications with the Indians, as he had acted solely through the medium of an interpreter. He immediately procured affidavits from these merchants, fully disproving the charges which had been made against him, and forwarded them to the Department of War. This measure at once corrected the misapprehension,

and restored him to the confidence of the government. On his return to Washington, he deposited in the records of the Secretary's office a document containing a complete view of the whole case. Such judgment and prompt action, in an inexperienced youth of twenty-one, is certainly not common. If the inquiry is made for the cause of this maturity of judgment in an individual who had feelings so ardent, the reply would be, that it was doubtless in part to be attributed to an original structure of his mind. He was also in the habit of carefully consulting the opinions of others. When a case of great importance came before him, no one was more anxious to receive the light which others could scatter in his path. He was habitually accustomed, also, to look to the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. He did not cultivate simply a general feeling of dependence upon him; he had an abiding conviction of the real existence and presence of the Savior. He cherished, in a remarkable degree, the

belief, that every circumstance, however minute, which has reference to the prosperity of the church, is under the special care of its Great Head. Lord, what wilt *thou* have me to do? contained a sentiment which was ever on his lips, and which was deeply engraven on his heart. His prayers, without degenerating into trifling minuteness or tedious prolixity, were marked by an intelligent enumeration of those particulars which were best calculated to awaken his own feelings, and by a solemn recognition of the interest which his Redeemer felt in all the plans that respected his own glory and kingdom.

Those who were conversant with Mr. Cornelius, must have been struck with the enlargement of his views and the philanthropy of his feelings. This was apparent and prominent in all the relations which he sustained. He looked above and beyond local feeling, and party prejudice, and sectarian selfishness, and national antipathies. He was emphatically the friend of the human race. No circumstances ever filled him with more unaffected sorrow than the prospect of divi-

sions among the churches of Christ. He felt that all, who had been redeemed by the blood of Christ, should show their high calling by living at peace with one another. This catholic spirit was not attained by any sacrifice of principle. He loved the great doctrines of the Gospel, and on them alone placed his hope of eternal life. Still he held the truth in love. He made his very attachment to the peculiar doctrines of Christianity the occasion of more fervent and expansive regard to all who were rejoicing in the same precious faith.

It might be inferred, perhaps, from the preceding remarks, that *energy* must have been one of his prominent characteristics. This enabled him, by the grace of God, to accomplish, in a few years, great results. He seems to have had, especially during the last years of his life, a strong impression of the brevity of human existence, and a belief that if he intended to do any thing for his fellow men, it must be done *now*. It was interesting to see how active his mind was in providing against any relaxation or intervals in his en-

gagements. He was as solicitous to anticipate and forestall labor, as many others are rest and amusement. His mind was ingenious and fertile in discovering expedients, on an elevated scale, for doing good. At the time of his death, he probably had plans and objects in view which would have required, in their execution, a much larger space than is allotted to man upon earth. This promptitude of character was essentially aided by some of his personal habits. While in the prosecution of an enterprize, he rarely intermitted his work for the sake of examining his motives. Such a step would have evidently weakened and retarded his efforts. For the time being he threw himself, and all his capabilities of mind and action, into the enterprize before him. Previously to entering on his labors, he carefully examined the state of his heart, and frequently set apart an entire day for spiritual preparation. When his engagement terminated, he faithfully reviewed the condi tion of his soul, and sought repentance for those things which had been repugnant to

his profession. Though this method of self-examination might not be expedient to such as have favorable opportunities daily, yet, in a public agent, it is altogether the wisest course. Such a man, while rapidly journeying from place to place, compelled to accomplish within a given period a great amount of business, has no time nor place to stop and critically investigate his motives. He must make prayer and self-examination a stated and special work. The energy in the character of Mr. Cornelius was increased by the thorough knowledge of his duties, which he at all times possessed. He did not toil in ignorance or misapprehension. He obtained a clear idea of the specific work before him, and made skillful arrangements for its prosecution and completion. Of course he rarely wasted his energy, and suffered little from any despondency of mind consequent upon such waste. His energy, however, did not partake in the least of obstinacy or fierceness. He had gentle feelings and truly delicate sensibilities. Often did he bind up the broken

heart, and heal the wounded spirit. He loved to administer the consolations of the Gospel at the bedside of the sick and dying. No acts of his life are cherished with more grateful remembrance by his flock at Salem, than those performed on such occasions. It was not an affected or an official display of sympathy. It was the outpouring of a heart full of tenderness. In his intercourse with his family there was a mingled expression of dignity and kindness. The authority of the parent was sweetly blended with the amenity of a friend and companion. It is in the *social circle* where a breach has been made which time will never close. *There* has been the crushing of fond hopes. The mere respect and esteem, which a general acquaintance with him could not fail to produce, may be forgotten ; but the circle of friends who knew him intimately will need something more than the lapse of time, or intercourse with the world, to efface their sorrow. May He, who is the Resurrection and the Life, establish with them his covenant of peace.

Mr. Cornelius, though he was called away before he reached the middle period of life, did not live in vain. He gave a noble testimony to the fact that Christianity is an inward principle, controlling the heart, molding the life, and effectually subduing every adverse interest. Wherever he went, he carried the conviction that he was not laboring for himself, but for his Lord and Master. He had fixed his eye on the conversion of all mankind to Christ. When he first entered on his religious life, this was the idea which took possession of his soul. He felt that he had experienced the grace of God *only* that he might bring others to partake of the same blessed grace. Doing good became *the passion* of his soul. For this he expended the energies of a muscular frame, of a comprehensive intellect, and of a fervent spirit, till death interrupted his work, or rather changed its sphere. With earthly passions he had, indeed, to contend. With the warfare between the "spiritual man" and the "heart which is by nature desperately wicked," he was in-

timately conversant. Still he kept his eye fixed upon the divine Redeemer, and in his strength went forth to the conflict. The motto which he formally adopted, and upon which he acted, was, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest, after having preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." The most powerful means, which he adopted for this purpose, was *doing good*—laboring for Christ. In this course he sacrificed ease, prospects of worldly competence, and literary hopes.

God, in his holy sovereignty, has taken him away. He teaches us most affectingly that he can do without us or any of our services. The utter vanity of all earthly dependencies was never more impressively exhibited. Who now can feel that any man's existence is indispensable for the advancement of the Christian cause? Who will not now place a more entire confidence in Christ? Who will not, while he adores the profound mystery of God's providence, give himself to his work with redoubled energy? If we are

followers of them who have fought the good fight, we shall join their society. A blessed company is collecting around the throne. Rapidly are the redeemed of the Lord gathering from their wide dispersion, and sitting down to the marriage-supper of the Lamb. The ties, which connect us with heaven, are constantly increasing. "There our best friends and kindred dwell." There is our glorious Redeemer. Let us so live, that when the Bridegroom cometh, we may go out with joy to meet him.

Note.—This sketch of Cornelius is taken from the Quarterly Register of the American Education Society, conducted by B. B. Edwards.

MEMOIR OF WISNER.

BY SAMUEL H. COX, D. D.

THERE is something awful in the state even of the pious dead, that seems also peculiar to them. Their career is finished. They are majestically seated with Christ in his throne. Even Christian faith that abhors the apotheosis of creatures, sees a divinity in their glorified condition. Jewels they were of the Redeemer, fine and polished, even when on earth; some of them, brilliant and of the first magnitude. But they are now placed in his diadem; and their lustres live for ever. Rust decay, change, danger, dimness, have no abode or entrance or memorial in the spheres of holiness and bliss. They need no canonizing at Rome, being sainted in reality and that in the metropolis of the universe. If any

of the species are to be envied—pardon so mean an illustration—it is not those who remain still in the body. The dead are beatified. Theirs is the vision, the fruition, the perfection of God. *They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.*

Our loss at the departure of such worthies as the cause of our Foreign Missions has been called to weep, in so many successive instances and from spheres of usefulness so eminent and promising, is too great, and too recent, not to need the solaces that are neither few nor small." We lift our eyes

from earth and its ruins, from the church and its calamities, from human comforters and fading things; and fasten them on glory and on God. Here is rest and permanency. We see WHO reigns, not more excellent than prosperous; not more holy than happy; *God over all, blessed for ever.* We are refreshed, we are healed. He is unerring. What *he* does, *whatever* he does, all his agency as such is absolute perfection, doing what is incomparably best. He never forgets his church; never sacrifices the true interests of his kingdom; never in a single instance regrets, or could amend, his own everlasting ways. *Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy: for* ALL NATIONS SHALL COME AND WORSHIP BEFORE THEE; *for thy judgments are made manifest.*

Another *great man is fallen in our Israel;* and whatever the gain to him, not less is the loss to us.

> In virtue's eye the good alone are great;
> The great too seldom good.

In an estimate the most sober and chastised; rejecting superfluity, and pageantry, and glare; viewing these high qualities in their proper nature and their purest elements; caring nothing for what is adventitious or imaginary; forming our conclusions too without the parsimony of the sordid or the humility of the envious; thinking of our WISNER as calmly as we can in his true character, now that his course is finished and his warfare fought, now that his fame is heavenly or has become the especial inheritance of the surviving church, we know of no reason why we should not *glorify God in him* as in a noble and gracious specimen of his own workmanship—a great and good man. By changing the first word, or substituting his, we might appropriate, as his epitaph, the following beautiful tribute of apostolic simplicity and commendation; *Demetrius hath good report of all men, and of the*

truth itself; yea, and we also bear record; and ye know that our record is true.

It may well be questioned if any clergyman of his years and general standing, has died any where in this age, with a reputation more enviable, equitable, or pure, than that of Dr. Wisner. Its negative aspects, so far as we know, were perfectly excellent. Whatever his defects of character might have been in the sight of God, where no mortal is other than faulty and imperfect, they were scarcely palpable or discernible in the sight of men. At least they were much or totally unknown: while his positive excellencies were many and distinguishing. His business character was that of practical correctness and despatch, of tact and utility. It was methodical and accurate, executive and sober, industrious and effective: in these qualities he truly excelled; there being few of the sacred profession any where, whose proficiency in heavenly learning became so sound and deep and clear, without manifestly impairing their competency for the performance of matters and duties

comparatively secular and common. In this respect his loss to the missionary cause, and especially to the department of home correspondence, will not probably be soon supplied. The churches were increasingly pleased with him; and happy in responding, through such an organ, to the communications and appeals of the Prudential Committee.

As the present notice of Dr. Wisner is not meant to be an extended or even a proper biography, and certainly not to anticipate or preclude one, being merely a sketch of the facts of his life with an outline of his chatacter, the expectations of the reader will of course conform to the professions of the writer in respect to its generality and brevity. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Fay; and from its expected publication, we anticipated for this volume the selections that were to complete its contents. But in this we have been disappointed,* in common

* The writer of this too hasty sketch owes it to himself at least, to say that he consented at first to write the Introduction to this volume, at the request

with many of the christian community. The sermon is not, we understand, to be given to the public. We have hence been dependent on general reports of what the sermon contained, for any assistance—and we should be happy to acknowledge our obligations for more—received from its paragraphs and collections. Dr. Wisner was better known to the writer in his proper character, than in the incidents and facts of his personal history.

of the publishers, with the expectation of terminating his part where it began. But their disappointment was announced to him, after that part and those of Evarts and Cornelius were in type, and waiting the arrival of documents from which it was intended to complete the volume. In this exigency of the publishers, he very reluctantly undertook a work which ought to be performed with more materials, more time, and more adaptation of authorship, than it was in his power to command. The hope however of being in some degree useful, without being in any degree hurtful, has sustained him in venturing the performance before the public; and it cannot be eclipsed by a fitting biography, too soon for his own feelings or those of the community.

For these therefore he will be more regardful of authorities and the attestations of others, than in the delineation, however imperfect, of the qualities that defined him in the daily walks of life. Still, these are not the most valuable recollections of an individual. Considered apart, they are of little importance; especially in embalming the memory of the good. With the princes and heroes of this world, character essentially considered, and especially as viewed in the light of an eternal criterion, character is nothing; events and exploits are all. If these are splendid or magnificent, if they become the pivots of destiny to a nation or an age, if they remain monumental of a place and a moment and a man with whom their celebrity is associated, then it is that the man becomes the hero of their history, lighted by their glare to the plaudits of posterity; without an inquisition or a verdict or a thought on the absolutely distinct question of that hero's character, or the genuine virtue that did or did not constitute any part of it. Besides, history is often at fault in its praises,

on another principle. It has confounded, it may be, connection with causation; proximity with achievement; a relation of affinity wholly passive, with an action of deliberate wisdom and steady performance. It was not perhaps the hero that made the occasion, but the occasion that made him. He might have never thought of the means, as such, by which the result was achieved; or even have anticipated the result at all. But they whose vocation it is to eclipse the providence of God, must yield to the temptation of deifying that of man. Their hero was actuated only by the purposes that induced the corresponding events. He was lord of his own destiny, and there was NO OTHER BEING *in whose hand his breath was, and whose were all his ways, and whom he had not glorified!*

> Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
> Of heroes little known; and call the rant
> A history; describe the man, of whom
> His own coevals took but little note;
> And paint his person, character, and views,
> As they had known him from his mother's womb.

> They disentangle from the puzzled skein,
> In which obscurity has wrapp'd them up,
> The threads of politic and shrewd design
> That ran through all his purposes and charge
> His mind with meanings that he never had,
> Or, having, kept concealed.

We do not mean to deny the just connection between providential events and the dependent agency of men. There is also a connection of great intimacy between the developement of character and the objects in view of which it was formed. Human agency too, though dependent, is accountable; and the great architect of our being, has left us ample scope for the due exercise and expansion of our powers. He is equally the architect and the preserver of our proper freedom; while on high he wisely arbitrates events, *and worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will.* It may here be added that comparatively few events of a thrilling spirit-stirring character, are ordinarily to be found in the tranquil annals of the good. Hence they are oftener despised than

rewarded in this world. They care for principles; for truth and its relations; for motives acceptable to God; for a conscience without offence; for being useful rather than famous; for doing good more than being praised for it; for avoiding temptation and display; for keeping bright their evidences of *acceptance in the Beloved;* and for ripening progressively for the heavenly inheritance. Consequently, there is very little romance in their story. Their life is more even in its tenor, more noiseless in its lapse, more peaceful in its end, than that which suits the muse of poetry or history. But is it less excellent than others? Is it less worthy of perusal or less profitable for contemplation? Nay, is it less grand, intellectual, or philosophical? Not at all. Instead of less, it is more worthy, more useful, more admirable. It is more distinguished and illustrious. It is removed farther from greatness that is vulgar, from grandeur that is puerile or pagan. It is alone worthy of imitation. It possesses the living seeds of immortality, and the destined germ

of glory. Its honors will be sacred in the recollections of heaven, when inscriptions will be effaced and monuments have mouldered on the earth. Let us therefore *mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.*

Benjamin B. Wisner was born in Goshen, Orange County, N. Y. the 29th of September, 1794. He died on Monday evening, February 9, 1835, aged 40 years, 4 months, and 11 days. At the early age of three, he removed with his father to Geneva, then a mere wilderness. His father was among the first settlers, and may be accounted one of the founders of the Presbyterian Church in that vicinity. He was by profession a lawyer; and for some years before his death, District Attorney for the Western District of New-York. He died at the age of forty-four; when Benjamin, his oldest son, was about twenty. While absent from home on his professional business, the father was attacked with the palsy, and died before his friends could reach him. His mother was also a professor of the reli-

gion of Jesus Christ, and died about nine years since.

Young Wisner spent the early part of his life at home, employing much of his time in agriculture. Of this employment he was always fond; and by it he acquired that strength and vigor of constitution which he certainly possessed, and from which his many friends at least, cherished the prospect of his prolonged career on earth. It is thought also that an occupation so favorable to reflection, so teeming with demonstrations of God, so independent of creatures by reason of its greater dependence on the creator, so primitive and patriarchal though more in vogue with the ancients than with us, must have had also a happy influence on the health and even the growth of mind, of which the advantages were many and parallel with the days of his subsequent life.

> In ancient time, the sacred plow employ'd
> The kings and awful fathers of mankind;

and we may make a deduction by the way,

from the example of Dr. Wisner, much in favor of its influence. The whole business of agriculture seems favorable to the being of man, to his moral and physical education jointly, and to the real worth and permanent welfare of society; as it is more in accordance with the original constitution of his maker, than are those states of society and habits of life, which may be called artificial and factitious in comparison,

> Where honor sinks as commerce more prevails;
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

There is another quality which seems naturally to result from rural occupations, and which Dr. Wisner eminently possessed—that of practical facility and skilful aptness at any thing that is to be done. The habitude of this in manual pursuits and manly action, becomes a part of the individual, and is usefully transferred to toils mental and literary. Thus the transition was neither severe nor uncongenial, when he commenced his classical and preparatory course of study with the

Rev Henry Axtell, D. D. of his paternal village. His proficiency was good and constant, as well as thorough and masterly. He entered the Sophomore Class in Union College at the age of sixteen, and was graduated there in 1813. Here his character was equally well sustained, being remarkable for regularity and strict attention to his studies. He here acquired or rather perfected those habits of order and industry, which were so serviceable, and for which he was so distinguished in future life. Punctuality was with him a virtue, as well as a characteristic. During his whole course of three years, he was never once *marked* for absence. As a scholar his standing was high; he was universally respected: and at his graduation he received the second honor. His name is at this moment a durable renown to his *Alma Mater*, and his example a safe and useful light to the junior *Alumni* of that favored Institution. With capacities equal to the first, his application to his studies was only the greater as he more comprehended their uses and vanquished their diffi-

culties. With that assumed indication of native genius, which consists with many in a proud neglect of study—the only proof they furnish of its existence—Dr. Wisner had no sympathy; and his actions add no sanction, but rather another refutation, to its arrogant pretensions. It is almost too silly to be refuted.

After he left College, he spent one year as a teacher in the Academy at Johnstown. On the death of his father, at this period, the settlement of his estate occupied the next year. At the same time, he resumed his favorite occupation of husbandry. On the benefit of these toils to his constitution and his spirits, he has often spontaneously lectured young men who were preparing for the ministry.

In the autumn of 1815 he received the appointment of tutor in Union College; where his worth was known, and where another three years of his life was usefully occupied. With filial zeal he devoted himself to the duties of his station; and performed them in a manner, which, were it as common as tutors are, would go far to reduce the evils of an ob-

jectionable system. The subject of religion had often at intervals affected his mind; and now it was that he professed his faith in the Redeemer of men, and joined the church in Schenectady in 1816. Shortly afterward he commenced the study of theology with the Rev. Dr. Yates, then Professor of Moral Philosophy in that Institution, and who frequently fitted young men for the ministry in connection with his official duties. At this time Dr. Wisner, with another Tutor, had their hearts turned toward the condition of the colored people of that neighborhood; and as the result of their humane and praiseworthy exertions for their good, a congregation of colored people was speedily formed in Schenectady, to whom they regularly imparted divine instruction, and worshipped with them, on Saturday evenings, and also maintained a Sabbath School on the succeeding evenings. His character in this was the proper counterpart to that of Dr. Cornelius. How true it is that the influence of the Gospel is the genuine antidote to the miseries of man! The

cruelty that crushes down the son of Ethiopia in this land of universal liberty—except the exceptions—will yield to nothing but the Gospel of God, if it does to that! And how obviously would that Gospel induce unity of sentiment and active beneficence, among all men, in reference to the rights and wrongs of our colored population, were it not for busy hypocrisy, obdurate pride, and malignant prejudice, resisting the influence of the Spirit of God, unceasingly testifying our duty in that Gospel and to that deeply injured race!

In November, 1818, at the age of twenty-four, Dr. Wisner entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J. where he remained two years. Here he was always useful, busy, and beloved. His intellectual character had now acquired a richness and a ripeness which gave greater value to its strength, and always evoked the meed due to distinguished talents proportionately imbued with piety. If any one was at all unconscious of his superiority and worth, it was himself alone. And yet Dr. Wisner had sufficient judgment even

in an estimate of himself, to understand his duties as related to the capacities with which he was endowed. The importunities of vanity however were coerced or precluded by the just sentiment of responsibility. There was a predominating modesty, simplicity and gentleness of behavior, which shed an additional and very lovely charm over his sterner qualities; and which failed not to commend him perhaps equally to his fellow students and the faculty themselves. He was a general favorite. While in Princeton, he was accustomed to labor in destitute congregations of the vicinity. He also held the office of Superintendent of a Sabbath School. As a proof of his customary assiduity, it is mentioned that he copied in full the lectures of all three of the Professors in that Institution; and those who knew him, knew as well that he had not only thus transcribed their instructions: he also understood and digested them, with exemplary thought and correctness.

At the age of twenty-five, he was licensed to preach the Gospel, June 1820. This year,

while yet pursuing his studies, he received a unanimous call from the Presbyterian Church in New Brunswick, N. J. to become their pastor. In the autumn of the same year, he received an invitation from the Old South Church, Boston, to preach to them as a candidate; which invitation he thought it his duty to accept. The result was his ordination, and installation as their pastor, in February, 1821. He here succeeded the Rev. Joshua Huntington, A. M. the memoirs of whose excellent widow, Mrs. Susan Huntington, he subsequently gave to the world; a volume of great worth and usefulness, which has been justly valued also in the older hemisphere. It is now a memorial of Wisner, as well as of his very lovely theme; and as such will be increasingly prized and circulated. The subject, the contents, and the author, now complete the reasons of its worth. Thousands who loved that singularly gifted lady, and her very exemplary and valuable husband, will associate his memory with theirs, mourning and honoring together three happy and

congenial spirits for ever blended in a better world!

Shortly after his settlement, he was married to Miss Sarah Johnson, of Johnstown, N. Y. who now *sits a widow*, with God, we trust, her comforter in so great a tribulation! He alone can be her compensation or repair her loss. Few wives were so honoured in a husband; or had so much to give to heaven; or retain such reasons to be thankful on earth. Still, the trial is terrible; and we are not of them whom grace seems—we had almost said—perversely to harden, against the finer feelings of our created nature and our constituted relations. Let bereavement feel, and let widows weep! Insensibility never submits, nor apathy acquiesces in the will of God. Resignation is not indifference; nor sorrowing, sinning; nor mourning, murmuring. The Stoic and the Christian are differently compounded, and their respective principles have little or nothing in common. *Jesus wept;* and certainly to widowed desolateness itself, it cannot be a mean, though it be

an incidental consolation, to know in her superior grief that she is sustained by the example and condolence of afflicted thousands, and these the wise and the good of the earth who are dispersed at large over its continents and islands.

In his pastoral labors, Dr. Wisner was every way estimable. Without the glow of poetic feelings, his sound good sense, his steady piety, the symmetry of his character, his industry and punctuality, his usefulness and devotion, his reverence for the Scriptures and power in explaining them, his impartiality and condescension; his elevation above the maxims of the worldly and the wisdom of the vain, his conscientious faith and doctrinal purity, joined with the virtues that adorned him in social and domestic life, had the effect which, under the blessing of Jehovah, they could scarce fail to have, of gradually attaching a large and respectable congregation, while they intrenched him proportionately in the esteem of the community.

In 1828 he received from Union College

the degree of *Doctor in Divinity ;* of which we may say, as Dr. Johnson said substantially in respect to the same honor awarded to Dr. Watts, it would soon mean something and become of more importance, were it always conferred with equal judiciousness. As a testimony to the value of a learned ministry in the sentiments of the general community, it may certainly be useful. It is like *a banner displayed because of the truth* in that relation; rebuking the presumption, and threatening the temerity, of ignorance approaching the altars of *the only wise God.* As it is purely academic and literary in its nature and implications, though constructively attesting the liberal attainments of its subject in sacred science, *ut literas sacras doctus et docturus,** it seems not soundly objectionable in itself; and is obviously as consistent with ministerial parity, in respect to official authority and the commission of a preacher, as are *diversities of gifts* or in-

* As one that has learned, and can therefore teach, the science of theology.

equalities of fortune, in the members of a profession that ought to be in learning as indisputably first, as in dignity and importance it is confessedly incomparable.

During his ministry here, Dr. Wisner received several calls to different spheres of prospective usefulness and labor, all of which he deemed it duty to decline. Of these, one of the most important and distinguished was that to the vacant chair of Ecclesiastical History, in the Theological Seminary at Andover. The writer of this sketch had providentially a well remembered interview with him during the pendency of that important call; and is happy to record his sense of the very correct and conscientious views entertained by Dr. Wisner on the variously interesting aspects of that solemn question. Whatever may be said of the rights of Churches and Colleges, or even of sacred Seminaries, to call whom they will, it is far from being the duty of the other party as certainly to accept of it. The pastoral relation is a profoundly solemn one, and neither to be contracted nor

dissolved on any slight or common occasion. A Christian pastor seems like an ancient and fruitful tree, that has long stood in a favored position; that has struck deep and far its roots with innumerable fibres, in every direction; and proportionably lifted its lofty branches high and richly laden; a moment may fell, what years only could raise: and the care or the daring that transplants it, inflicts a thousand wounds which time can scarcely cure: while the pains-taking that accomplishes the work, is often disappointed also of its end—the tree itself is injured; it has lost its identity; above and below it is mutilated; it exists itself no longer.

But there are causes which make removal proper and obviously right. The want of health, or its progressive decline, is such a cause; and in the case of Dr. Wisner, this had existed for more than a year, previously to the dissolution of the pastorate, in which he had been so useful and so happily absorbed. A visit to the South was tried with little success; after which, he enjoyed with consider-

able benefit, a season of relaxation from his fatiguing labors, in Connecticut: but without much if any radical improvement.

After the death of the excellent Dr. Cornelius, in February, 1832, many eyes were fixed on Dr. Wisner as his proper successor. In October of that year, he received with entire unanimity the appointment of Secretary of the American Board, to fill the lamented vacancy. The Board that year met in this city. It was a solemn time, just after the retreat of the Cholera from its scourging ministry and its victim thousands. The writer was appointed on the Committee to whom the responsibility of nomination was referred; and he may here attest the delightful unity of counsel that resulted in the announcement of his name, and which was met in the Board itself with corresponding harmony. About two years and four months he held the office and performed its weighty duties. Of the manner and success of his administration, this outline need not anticipate the descriptions of a full and just biography. Suffice it

to say that he entirely justified the expectations that accompanied and induced his selection. His known habits of business and order; his practical wisdom; his extensive acquaintance with individuals throughout the church and the country; his excellent judgment of men, and insight of character; the probability that the active duties of his new position would be favorable to his health; and the fact that, from being so long a member of their Prudential Committee, he was minutely acquainted with the plans and operations, as well as the history, of the Board; these reasons that anticipated his appointment, were fully substantiated by his example and experience in the station—from which the voice supreme has so lately and suddenly removed him, with the summons, *Go up higher.* In the discharge of his duties, he frequently visited different and distant sections of the church; became more widely known and as extensively esteemed; was the welcome and efficient representative of the cause among all its friends, wherever he found them; and

formed auxiliary interests, and even extensive boards and systematic agencies, at the South and West. All this seemed, and doubtless was, auspicious to his health, and seemed —we had almost said, treacherously—to promise a prolonged course of years. His vigor constantly improved; and but a week or two previous to his death, he made the remark that his health was better than it had been previously for four years! *Be ye also ready; for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.*

But the moral improvement of Dr. Wisner, his growth in grace, and ripeness for glory, was, in the conviction of many, more than commensurate with the advance of his bodily strength. His humility appeared more constant and profound. The severer parts of his character were progressively mellowed and softened. The manner in which he mentioned the death of Munson and Lyman, at the last Monthly Concert he ever attended, is still fresh and fragrant in the memory of those who heard him. The uncommon

feeling and tenderness he displayed, the corresponding emotions he inspired, and the effect of the intelligence on his own devotions at the time, were remarkably and memorably distinguished. Alas! he little realized—what was then a secret of the throne—how soon he was to join them! Laboring in the same cause, and serving the same divine master, though far separated in bodily presence, they were united in interest, in heart, and in ultimate destination. They doubtless met speedily in heaven, from opposite regions of the earth; the appointed place of rendezvous for all the army of the church militant; the Grand Head Quarters of their Glorious Commander-in-Chief; the city and palace of the Eternal King.

Of the concluding scenes of Dr. Wisner's life, we have but a hurried and imperfect account. His disease, the scarlet fever, is well known in its ravages and its fatal precipitation. It often seizes and throttles its victim; and in a few days completes the catastrophe of life; while medicines and human skill are

laughed to scorn in its triumph. And what is it? Only a name for one of the ways, considered in a class, in which God accomplishes the dissolution of mortals. IT IS THE AGENCY OF GOD THAT DOES IT. We see the effects; we watch the progress; we study the phenomena; we witness the result; we philosophize of causes; we class the disease in the nosological calendar; we talk learnedly of its properties and its nature; we discuss remedies and apply them; and we too often overlook the grandest actor in the portentous drama—the cause of causes—God himself! He is the Dispenser of death, as well as the Author of life and the Arbiter of destiny. *Who doeth great things, past finding out; yea, and wonders without number. Lo, he goeth by me, and I see him not; he passeth on also, but I perceive him not. Behold, he taketh away, who can hinder him? who will say unto him, What doest thou? If God will not withdraw his anger, the proud helpers do stoop under him.*

The nature of his attack soon discovered

itself, and assumed a threatening aspect. It was accompanied with great soreness of throat, so as to preclude all ordinary conversation ; and to consist only with a few necessary words or sentences, interchanged in the administration of palliatives or remedies. And what was the state of his mind ? From all we have heard, the inference seems sound that persons at a distance who knew him, may judge almost as well as his nearest attendants. There was no time to converse. Even when his thoughts were commanded, and his mind at ease, all conversation was prudently forborne. But even this was of short duration. Delirium supervened, and continued with little abatement to the last. Still, there were intervals or rather flashes of reason, and words incoherently intelligible to the few about him. It is said of Canning, the late splendid Premier of Great Britian, that during his last delirious moments, his mind in fragments indicated its characteristic and then convulsive thoughts, by ejaculating such words as these—France—a Foreign

Ambassador—the court of Spain—no crowned head in Europe—the royal cause—the British Parliament—Navy—his Majesty—Exchequer—Whigs—Tories—Reform! With such thoughts his spirit flew to its account. Who will envy a genius so august, that shed magnificence on the highest office in the gift of the Majesty of England? What is genius, office, wealth, or majesty itself, on a deathbed? A worm does not change its nature, by reason of its adventitious decorations or the gorgeous canopy under which it sickens and expires. And who would not rather die with Wisner than with Canning? But we leave contrasts for the day of judgment; we refer them to the wisdom of the Infallible. In the detached sentences and broken words of Dr. Wisner, the things in which he had been wont to take the deepest interest were plainly indicated. The course of his affections was heavenly, and his meditations were reaching after the interests of the kingdom of Christ. He was now perfecting a plan for a great auxiliary combination, and now anticipating

the objections that would assail it. The missionary cause engrossed him. Living and dead it was the jewel of his heart. The recollections of his extensive visitation accomplished last autumn, were often interwoven, or rather torn to pieces, in his hurried and confused expressions. Of individuals occasionally mentioned, he always spoke without censure, however much he seemed to differ from them in opinion. Once, when he appeared more at ease, his wife proposed to read to him a passage from the Scriptures. He assented, and remained quiet during the exercise. This was repeated on several occasions; when he would still be tranquil till it was finished, and then proceed with his unintelligible and often inarticulate mutterings. It was probably more from a general sense of propriety, than any apprehension of the sense of Scripture, that he listened so calmly to its reading. The changes in his symptoms seemed regular and constant, till his manly frame yielded to the destroyer. *The bondage of corruption* is soon complete; and it shall soon

be reversed also, by the fiat of Jesus Christ. It will then be exchanged for a blessed condition; *the glorious liberty of the children of God. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again.*

But we shall see him no more in this world. Those who sought his counsel and who valued it, can enjoy its advantages no more. They who slighted his ministry, regular or occasional, and are still impenitent and faithless, are soon to meet him before the Judge Eternal. O must he there find his *crown of rejoicing* without them? Must he be *a swift witness* against any one of his former dear people! If his ministry becomes to such *a savor of death unto death*, whose is the fault? Is he to blame for it, or are they? Was it his desire? Has God any pleasure in their death? *O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord.* Take warning, as the ministry of his servants is sealed up. He is withdrawing many of them. He takes away the young,

the vigorous, the useful. And what is the import of this? In earthly governments, the recall of an ambassador is ordinarily the prelude of war. The purposes of divine mercy towards any people, bear doubtless some solemn proportion to the number and the character of his ministers retained among them. If he abandons a people wholly, he retains there not one envoy of his own court—though the prophets of the devil are equally or doubly multiplied as the others disappear. Has not God a controversy with this nation? Why then does he remove, so remarkably, those who were in his providence equally its honor and its guard, *the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof?* We have been, and still are, a proud and boastful nation, rather than a thankful one. We have deified our free institutions, as if these were the gods of our preservation, and as if we had no slavery institutions to curse the land. The *righteousness* that *exalteth a nation*, the sin that is *a reproach to any people*, the grievous oppressions of our fellow creatures in the midst of

us, are considerations little honored in the general estimate of the country. Some of them are proscribed topics, and they as infamously proscribed who dare to tell men their sins in regard to them. There are many other things besides excellencies in the characteristics of the nation; many that are execrable in the sight of God, and which his eternal goodness will not long endure in any nation. The removal of his ministers in different ways seems to be one of the signs of the times. It is undoubtedly a judgment and that a heavy one, feel it who may not or doubt it who may. Let the church arise and cry with one voice, to him who can restore her beauty, revive her graces, increase her strength, evince her unity, and prosper her victories. *Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly. Gather the people, sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders, gather the children and those that suck the breasts; let the bridegroom go forth of his chamber and the bride out of her closet. Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the*

porch and the altar, and let them say, Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them. Wherefore should they say among the people, WHERE IS THEIR GOD?

Then will the Lord be jealous for his land, and pity his people.

Otherwise, his judgments are not exhausted; his quiver is full of arrows; he can make sin cost us more than we can afford to pay: he will be glorified at our expense, and it is not our infidelity or our ingenuity that will save us.

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